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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

L O N D O N:

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THE
FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE REMAINDER OF THOMSON,
AND
PART OF WATTS.

VOL. LV.



ANCIENT AND MODERN

I T A L Y

COMPARED:

BEING THE FIRST PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.



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VOL. LV.

B

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The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baia, how changed; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which Your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great-Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to Your Royal Highness ; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it ; I have my best reward : particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMPSON.

LIBERTY.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T I.

O My lamented Talbot ! while with thee
 The Muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
 And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts ;
 Ah ! little thought she her returning verse
 Should sing our darling subject to thy shade. 5
 And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
 Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
 And all thy Father's candid spirit shone ?
 The light of reason, pure, without a cloud ;
 Full of the generous heart, the mild regard ; 10
 Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
 And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
 But to the death of mighty nations turn,
 My strain ; be there absorpt the private tear.

Musing, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks, 15
 Where at each step imagination burns :
 While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
 Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
 The tomb of empire ! ruins ! that efface
 Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast. 20
 Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
 Unsetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand

Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.
 When strait, methought, the fair majestic Power 25
 Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,
 And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30
 Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
 An island-goddes now ; and her high care
 The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
 My heart beat filial transport at the sight ; 35
 And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awakened Muse
 Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
 And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.

Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine ; 40
 But, ah, how chang'd ; the falling poor remains
 Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore.
 Look back through time ; and, rising from the gloom,
 Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

The great republic see ! that glow'd, sublime, 45
 With the mixt freedom of a thousand states ;
 Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
 And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world,
 See busy millions quickening all the land,
 With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high : 50
 For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
 And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Beho'd,

Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,
In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song : 55
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale :

On Baiæ's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,
Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air : 60
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow ;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads :
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory see ! 75
Behold her demi-gods, in senate met ;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act :
The common-weal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold ;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,

In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward. 90
 Free for their country and for Me to die ;
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ; 95
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth ;
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest-born,
 And of a people cast in virtue's mould.
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this fun, this centre of mankind ;
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105
 Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met,

Need I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !
 A land in all, in government, in arts,
 In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd,
 Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold, 110
 Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
 Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere

PART I.

LIBERTY.

Of doubting modern life ; who but, inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace ; unhappy land, 115
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway ?

Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed ? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory ? the dejected towns, 120
Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp ?

Come ! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression, come ! and in thy works rejoice !
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,

See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough ;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe. 130

'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey, 135
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone ;

And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks unfeebled, or infected burns. 140

Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste ;

While

While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer* ! foe

To human kind ! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145

Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint

To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,

And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun,

Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150

Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,

Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce

Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,

Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand,

Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155

Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.

Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves

The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts

Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush

Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth

(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.

Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;

Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,

Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165

Unseconded by art, the spinning race

Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.

In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;

And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.

Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines. 170

Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,

And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor

Nor half thy triumph this : cast, from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.

There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ; 175

The grace and virtue of exterior life,

No clean Convenience reigns ; ev'n Sleep itself,

Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,

Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.

Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180

See streets whose echoes never know the voice

Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,

And art mechanic at his various task,

Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,

Of occupation void, as void of hope ; 185

Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,

That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,

With views of fortune—madness all to them !

By thee relentless seiz'd their betters joys,

To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190

Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,

And love and music melt their souls away.

From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,

Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,

Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195

See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,

With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak

The full-exerted genius of thy reign.

Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200

Expiring nature all corrupted round ;

While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,

Winds

Winds his waste stores, and fullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful drest, 205
 Amulive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,
 Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold 215
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fir'd by me ; to public good
 Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220
 Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were Mine.
 Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
 Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrim'd,
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks, 230
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235
No more delighted hear ; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore : one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky. 240
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore ;
These endless wonders that this *sacred way*
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece. 245
Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast :
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine* ;
And *mine* the fair designs, which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.

What would you say, ye conquerors of earth ! 250
Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurel'd head ;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;
Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight !
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour, 255
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose ; possess'd of all
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow : 260
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,

Thus

Thus to behold her sunk ? Your crowded plains,
 Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ; 264
 Ungrac'd your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams :
 These could you know ? these could you love again ?
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire,
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
 Soon bursting into song ; while through the groves 270
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along ?
 Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe ?
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forfaken bay,
 Your Formian shore ? Once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
 How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around, 280
 Would now your Naples seem ? Disaster'd less
 By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage : *that* inward gnaws,
 A native foe : a *foreign*, tears without. 285
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began :
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd ;
 And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. 290
 There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng ;
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome :

No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main :
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise ; 295
Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
An almost total desolation fits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast ;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace ;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze ; 305
And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Ev'n nature yields ; by fire and earthquake rent :
Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
A nest for serpents ; from the red abyfs
New hills, explosive, thrown ; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool ; and all to Cuma's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315
Hencè, Britain, learn ; my best-established, last,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign ;
'The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast :
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate

Of

Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind ; what, when depriv'd of Me,
 How grievous must be thine ? In spite of climes, 325
 Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the soul
 To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures seem to thy cold clime unknown ;
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330
 And sustenance of life : could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
 Subsist with thee ? Against depressing skies,
 Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
 How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find, 335
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil ?
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave ?

Here paus'd the Goddess. By the pause assur'd,
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340
 " Oh, first, and most benevolent of powers !
 " Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
 " To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert
 " The native rights and honour of their race : 345
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 " Yielding to none, the Progress of thy Reign,
 " And with a strain from Thee enrich the Muse.
 " As Thee alone she serves, her patron, Thou,
 " And great inspirer be ! then will she joy, 350
 " Through narrow life her lot, and private shade :
 " And when her venal voice she barter's vile,

" Or

“ Or to thy open or thy secret foes :

“ May ne’er those sacred raptures touch her more,

“ By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song 355

“ Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !

“ Vermin of state ! to thy o’erflowing light

“ That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the Heavenly Power

Return’d,—“ What here, suggested by the scene, 360

“ I slight unfold, record and sing at home,

“ In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)

“ With one quick effort of my will I am.

“ There Truth, unlicens’d, walks ; and dares accost

“ Ev’n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !

“ Fix’d on my rock, there, an indulgent race 266

“ O’er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :

“ And there, to finish what his fires began,

“ A Prince behold ! for Me who burns sincere,

“ Ev’n with a subject’s zeal. He my great work 370

“ Will parent like sustain ; and added give

“ The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.

“ For Britain’s glory swells his panting breast ;

“ And ancient arts he emulous revolves :

“ His pride to let the smiling heart abroad ; 375

“ Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;

“ To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;

“ And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.”

Hail, glorious theme ! but how, alas ! shall verse,

From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380

How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,

The Goddesses flash’d at once upon my soul.

For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods,
Is harmony itself; to every ear

Familiar known, like light to every eye.

385

Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,

In long succession pour'd their empires forth ;

Scene after scene, the human drama spread ;

And still th' embodied picture rose to fight.

Oh Thou, to whom the Muses owe their flame ; 390

Who bid'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,

And Hippocrenè flow ; with thy bold ease,

The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,

And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear ;

Oh, gracious Goddess ! re-inspire my song ; 395

While I, to nobler than poetic fame

Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

NOTES

NOTES on the preceding POEM.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginus.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Austrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

G R E E C E:

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical description of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard to their government, their politeness, their virtues, their arts and sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools, which took their rise from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection,

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T II.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.

First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.

These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread, 10

The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.

The simpler arts were all their simple wants 15
Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;

Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers, 20
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
 Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
 For then young sportive life was void of toil, 25
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd :
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
 From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
 First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
 Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
 Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40
 West with the living day to Greece I came :
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam : the Muse before
 Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45
 A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
 For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook :
 A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
 And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50
 While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,

And

And king, as well as people, proud obey'd ;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts :
By poets, sages, legislators fought ;
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind. 55
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind ;
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd :
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60
Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land ;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods, 65
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—" This flood is
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain. 70
Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia ; first for letters fam'd, 75
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;

Earnest

Earneſt of Britain. Nor by theſe retain'd ;
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whoſe palmy ſhore
 The ſilver Jordan laves. Before me lay
 The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight. 85

Hail Nature's utmoſt boaſt ! unrival'd Greece !
 My faireſt reign ! where every power benign
 Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
 And lavish'd all that genius can inſpire.
 Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main, 90
 Iōnian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,
 Light, airy ſoils. A country rich, and gay ;
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
 And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales. 94
 Mountains and ſtreams, where verſe ſpontaneous flow'd :
 Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of gods,
 And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of ſong.
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
 Of high materials, and My reſtleſs Arts
 Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates, 100
 And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
 And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds !
 From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
 By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves ;
 To where the deep adorning Cyclade Iſles 105
 In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
 Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Libyan main.

O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
 And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
 Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills, 110
 The patient Sparta one : the ſober, hard,

And

And man-subduing city ; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state ; 115
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise ;
Each power so checking, and supporting, each ;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land !
Had not neglected Art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil ; yet there the calm abode 125
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same. 130
The children of the nursing public hall,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
Of softer genius, but not less intent 135
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose :
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky.
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health ; 140
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,

Between

Between Ilyssus and Cephissus glow'd
 This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
 Of active arts, and animated arms.
 There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145
 A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
 Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
 Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
 Totter'd the rash democracy ; unpois'd, 150
 And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
 A populace unequal ; part too rich,
 And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
 Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose :
 Allay'd the tempest ; to the calm of laws 155
 Reduc'd the settling whole ; and, with the weight
 Which the two senates to the public lent,
 As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.
 Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.
 For emulation through the whole I pour'd, 160
 Noble contention ! who should most excel
 In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
 To public weal : in countries cultur'd high :
 In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
 Free social life, and polish'd manners fair : 165
 In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn
 For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride :
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.
 Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
 The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170
 By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth

Pour'd

Pour'd every beam ; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn : their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pifa gave. 174

Hence flourish'd Greece ; and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd :
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus flood ; 180
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart it's vision, nobly check'd,
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an host of slaves. 185

Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course ; and hostile lands, unknown ;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death ;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd 191
Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds, 195
Which a whole empire pour'd ; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes !
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw

The

The foldiers fond embrace ; o'erflow'd their eyes
 With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
 To cries resounding loud—*The sea ! the sea !*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205
 Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece !
 And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,
 All the soft modes of elegance and ease ;
 Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
 Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

My Spirit pours a vigour through the soul
 Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field
 Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
 Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215
 The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
 The Persian chains : while through the city, full
 Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
 Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
 And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220
 From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
 O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
 And father of philosophy : the sun,
 From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect
 Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225
 Tutor of Athens ! he, in every street,
 Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,
 Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
 Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
 His simple question stole : as into truth, 230
 And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race ;

Taught

Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
205 In different schools. The bold poetic phrase 235
Of figur'd Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrice's keen eye ;
Th' exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;
210 The slow-consenting Academic doubt ; 240
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,
215 Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
220 From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts 250
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O, Greece ! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts !
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,
225 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
230 Through all the winding harmony of sound : 260
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,

Breath'd

Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul ;
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic song was thine ; the Fountain-Bard,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread *moral scene*, thy chief delight !
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275
 When reason spoke august ; the fervent heart
 Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd man,
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
 This potent school of manners, but when left
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,
 Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

Thy

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
 By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
 The boast of well-pleas'd Nature ! Sculpture seiz'd,
 And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
 Selecting beauty's choice, and that again 295
 Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
 Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's self behind.
 From those far different, whose prolific hand
 Peoples a nation ; they for years on years,
 By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
 Through the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone ; expressing gods :
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars, 305
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
 Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd ;
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ; 310
 Sprung into motion ; soften'd into flesh ;
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd. 315
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The soul of beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
 Ev'n such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320

That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
Correct design ; where great ideas shone, 325
And in the secret trace expression spoke :
Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,
Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330
Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came ;
And bade her follow where she led the way :
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise ;
And copious action on the canvass glow ;
Gave her gay fable ; spread invention's store ; 335
Enlarg'd her view ; taught composition high,
And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And, scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life, 350
The

The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
325 White, down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd; 355
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
330 In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

335 To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts, 365
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd! the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of fordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
340 Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370
Court'd by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
345 The little builder man; by thee refin'd, 375
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
350 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore 380

Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;
 Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
 Her airy pillar heav'd ; luxuriant last,
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath. 385
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand ærial rise. 390

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
 Where are they now ? (I cry'd) say, Goddess, where ?
 And what the land thy darling thus of old ?
 Sunk ! she resum'd : deep in the kindred gloom 395
 Of superstition, and of slavery sunk !
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear ;
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400
 Of imitation in their breast awake.
 Ev'n, to supply the needful arts of life,
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
 Or nodding column on the desert shore, 405
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
 A faithless land of violence, and death !
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410

Neglected

Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.

The sun himself seems angry, to regard,

Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;

And fires them oft with pestilential rays :

415

While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,

Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.

But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,

Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,

So states must die, and Liberty go round.

420

Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, valour, arts,

And the soul fir'd by Me (that often, stung

With thoughts of better times and old renown,

From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)

Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd

425

And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.

Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,

Pois'd on the doubtful wing : when Greece with Greece

Embroid'd in foul contention fought no more

For common glory, and for common weal :

430

But, false to freedom, fought to quell the free ;

Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,

That lent the whole irrefragable force ;

And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,

Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.

Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,

When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,

Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued ;

Sued to be venal parricides, to spill

Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves

440

To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
 Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the great king;
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
 Of fly corruption, and barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
 Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:
 And by their lifted orators, whose breath 450
 Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
 To sordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens rear again her walls;
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again 460
 To crush this rival city to the dust.
 For now no more the noble social soul
 Of Liberty my families combin'd;
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465
 They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, 470
 The

The blush and boast of Fame ! where courage, art,
 And military glory, shone supreme :
 But let detesting ages, from the scene
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds, 475
 She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon' lay,
 Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends :

The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa lur'd, 480
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;
 For every Grace, and Muse, and Science born ;
 With arts of war, of government, elate ; 485
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;
 Whom I Myself could scarcely rule : and thus
 The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.

Unless Corruption first deject the pride, 490
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 All crude attempts of violence are vain ;
 For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
 Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.

But soon as Independence stoops the head, 495
 To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants ;
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds :
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
 Till the whole state unnerv'd in Slavery sinks. 500

NOTES on PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved : and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The straits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes ; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jasylus, the masterpiece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians ; by which the
Lace-

Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.

Ver. 470. The Peloponnesian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

ROME:

R O M E:

BEING THE THIRD PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty, and of republics, spreads over Italy ; to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities ; to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece ; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the first part of this poem : to mark its rise and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted ; to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home ; their glory, success, and empire, abroad ; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically described ; to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence ; to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus ; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors ; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations ; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, She lays the ground-work of her future establishments ; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved ; and then, with arts and sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages ; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T III.

H E R E melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
 That painted still whate'er the Goddess sung.
 Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
 "To what new region stream'd the human day?"
 She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5
 Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
 Resum'd: Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
 And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
 And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
 All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before, 10
 Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around,
 On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
 But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
 Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales, 15
 They roll'd increasing colonies along,
 And lent materials for my Roman Reign.
 With them *my spirit* spread; and numerous states
 And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
 As its parental policy, and arts, 20
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd
 A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
 Kept

Kept an unclosing eye ; try'd to sustain,
 Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by Me :
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.

Not so the Samian Sage ; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording fame.
 For these free states his native isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And through great Greece his gentle wisdom taught ;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,
 His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
 Of boundless æther ; where unnumber'd orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full consenting choir beheld ;
 There first discern'd the secret band of love,
 The kind attraction, that to central suns
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
 Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
 Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
 The sun of beings ! beaming unconfin'd
 Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :
 Whom nought can image, and who best approves

The

The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.

He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60

He ev'n, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round; 65

Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70

Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chac'd, 75
With all their crimes; bade radiant æras rise,
And the long honours of the consul-line.

Here, from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd, 80
Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse

O'er

O'er *men* an empire was my purpose now :
 To let my martial majesty abroad ;
 Into the vortex of one state to draw
 The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth ;
 To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

85

Already have I given, with flying touch,
 A broken view of this my amplest reign.
 Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,
 Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

90

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations stoop'd around ; though then appear'd
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
 By many a jealous equal people press'd,
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;
 Then for each Roman I an hero told ;
 And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

95

100

For then, to prove my most exalted power,
 I to the point of full perfection push'd,
 To fondness or enthusiastic zeal,
 The great, the reigning passion of the free.
 That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self
 Divinely bursting, the whole publick takes
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd selves ;
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.

105

110

From

From this kind fun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,
85 And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time. 115
These virtues too, reflected to their source,
Encreas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,

As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
90 One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
d, The voice of pleading nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.

95 Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil; 125
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.

100 Hence moderation a new conquest gain'd; 130
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.

Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
105 Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce. 135
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a God;

In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;

110 While truly rich, and by his Sabine field, 140
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:

Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough ;
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
 In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145
 With wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel,
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.
 Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd,
 To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;
 Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150
 Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,
 The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
 Though conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
 Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
 To the triumphal car ; soon as expir'd 155
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
 (A harder lesson than to command)
 Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
 If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they 159
 By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own ;
 And, above envy, in a rival's train,
 Sung the loud Iôs by themselves deserv'd.
 Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
 Hence fell the Fabii ; hence the Decii dy'd ;
 And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf. 165
 Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
 By dreadful counsel never given before ;
 For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
 By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,

His little children climbing for a kiss;
 Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering friends,
 45 A new illustrious exile ! prefs'd along. 175
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
 Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
 The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
 50 To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air. 180
 Need I these high particulars recount ?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ;
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
 55 When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view, 185
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime :
 Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 159 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdain'g to descend 190
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow !
 165 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
 Still between noble and plebeian tost,
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
 170 Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200
 Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,

(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war
 Ready to rush : yet could the lenient voice 205
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
 Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay,
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd, 210
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
 The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,
 The dread dictator found a sure resource. 215
 Was she assaulted ? was her glory stain'd ?
 One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
 Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
 By social danger bound ; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die, 220
 Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd :
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
 Of proud Italia blended into one ;
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
 And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
 Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
 See that which borders wild the western main,
 Where storms at large resound, and tides immense :
 From Caledonia's dim cærulean coast,
 And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd 230
 Amid the restless clouds, and leaning heaven,
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.

Mark

Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews :
205 From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain ;
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
210 Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine, 240
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars ;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
215 In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws. 245
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
220 A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh ; 250
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues, and states !
225 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and seas !
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd ! 256
O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day :
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !
230 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd. 260
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat ;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
 Then thus a herald.—“ To the states of Greece
 “ The Roman People, unconfin'd, restore 270
 “ Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :
 “ Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”
 The crow'd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear, 275
 Is lost in anxious joy) Be that again,
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd. 280
 A while severe amazement held them mute,
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
 On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills : 285
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook;
 And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
 What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,
 Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul ! 290
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
 Escape the fondness of transported Greece !

Mix'd

Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295
Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims till night
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours ;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm, 299
Their raptures wak'd anew.—“ Ye Gods ! they cry'd,
“ Ye guardian Gods of Greece ! And are we free ?
“ Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?
“ And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?
“ At what a dire expence of kindred blood ?
“ And are they now dissolv'd ? And scarce one drop
“ For the fair first of blessings have we paid ? 306
“ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
“ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
“ Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends
“ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still : 310
“ That the great Gods and Romans only know.
“ Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
“ A people so magnanimous, to quit
“ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
“ And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315
“ Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws !
“ There does ! there does ! oh, saviour Titus ! Rome !”
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320
Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids ;
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,

Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam :
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
 To western worlds irrevocable roll'd, 326
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here interposing I.—“ Oh, Queen of men !
 “ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
 “ Equal they live ; though plac'd, for common good,
 “ Various, or in subjection, or command ; 331
 “ And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,
 “ With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 “ Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.”

Thus she pursued.—Near this great æra, Rome 335
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd : still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340
 These fierce contentions sprung ; and, as increas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd ;
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
 On one side swell'd Aristocratic pride ;
 With Usury, the villain ! whose fell gripe 350
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother

Mother of vice ! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
As the proud feeder bade : inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes ;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360
This firm republic, that against the blast
Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself, 365
Ev'n force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;
Her terror once on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves ; 370
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which luxury prepares. 375
Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid self, 380
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss,

Hence

Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth ;
 Security relax'd the softening state ;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd ; 385
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more : but party rag'd ;
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
 Let discord through the deathful city loose.
 First, mild Tiberius, on thy sacred head 390
 The fury's vengeance fell ; the first, whose blood
 Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.
 Of precedent pernicious ! with thee bled
 Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more ; till, into battles turn'd 395
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
 The forum and comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
 When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
 And ruffian force began to sap the mounds 400
 And majesty of laws ; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless force,
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state, 410
 Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd

And

385 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad republic tore. By virtue built, 415
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.

390 But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,

This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before ambition still; and thundering down,
395 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425

A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

400 By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first 430
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,

Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;

405 Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd, 435
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains

Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raise for Me

410 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd 440
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?

No son, a witness to his hoary fire
In dust and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?

And Na

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd 445
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs;
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt. 450
 In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
 And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes. 454
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
 A grace, which I to his demission gave,
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear 460
 A Master, *nor had virtue to be free.*
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 Or of a Cataline, or Rullus, swell'd 465
 With fell designs; and all the watchful art
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue;
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
 With these I linger'd; till the flame anew 470
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
 The shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind

Should

Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name ;

Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475

O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,

And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,

The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords.

To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ; 480

And from Philippi's field, from where in dust

The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,

Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.

What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts caress'd,

Merit and virtue, simulating Me ? 485

Severely tender ! cruelly humane !

The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit

On the new-broken still ferocious state.

From the dark Third, succeeding, I beheld

Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490

Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind !

Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world ;

Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;

And whose infernal rage bade every drop

Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495

To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,

Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.

But almost just the meanly-patient death,

That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.

Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ; 500

More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread

Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !

He

He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;
 Trajan and He, with the mild Sire and Son, 505
 His son of virtue ! eas'd awhile mankind ;
 And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
 Then was their last effort : what sculpture rais'd
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ; 509
 And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame)
 On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
 Of gelid Hemus, I pursued my flight ;
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams. 515
 A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts black with founding pine ;
 Where nature frowns : though sometimes into smiles
 She softens ; and immediate, at the touch 520
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seiz'd by frost, 525
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep,
 Yet there life glows ; the furry millions there,
 Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,
 To various pain, to little pleasure us'd ; 530
 On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,

The

The nursery of nations !—These I rous'd,
Prove land on land, on people people pour'd ;
Still from almost perpetual night they broke, 535
As if in search of day ; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Helpless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age ; 540
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
It quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Ærial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne ;
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
Cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom ; like a bubble, break
The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555

For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendor forth ; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds :
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560

But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals : wraps a view

Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
 Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
 A sense of higher life would only damp
 The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
 Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
 With vigour through this infant being drudge;
 Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
 Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.

565

570

NOTES

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NOTES on PART III.

Ver. 7. The last struggles of liberty in Greece.

Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.

Ver. 32. Pythagoras.

Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

Ver. 37. The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

Ver. 38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.

Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.

Ver. 245. The Caspian sea.

Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.

Ver. 286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Ver. 369. Carthage.

Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.

Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Ver. 489. Tiberius.

Ver. 496. Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“ After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a de-

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F

“ fire

“ fire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thra-
“ sea, &c.

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

Ver. 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Asia.

BRITAIN:

B R I T A I N:

BEING THE FOURTH PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

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L I B E R T Y.

P A R T IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd :
 “ Ah, Goddess, what a change ! Is earth the same ?

“ Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?

“ And does the same fair sun and æther spread

“ Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ? 5

“ Lo ! beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms

“ Of little pomp, magnificence no more

“ Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile :

“ While to rapacious interest glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.” 10

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls
 From the brute mass of man an order'd world.

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth

“ Of Gothic darkness springs another day.

“ True, Genius droops ; the tender ancient taste 15

“ Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,

“ But faintly trembles through the callous soul ;

“ And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,

“ Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.

“ Ev'n cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20

“ And aged life to deem the generous deeds

“ Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought

F 3

“ Well-

" Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
 " Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
 " And all that calm experience can disclose, 25
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;
 " And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,
 " Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd; while earth, forsook 30
 By her best Genii, lay to demons foul,
 And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey,
 Contention led the van; first small of size,
 But soon dilating to the skies she towers :
 Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread, 35
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
 With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :
 From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her venom through the heart of man. 40
 Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
 Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,
 War against human kind : Rapine, that led
 Millions of raging robbers in his train :
 Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword 45
 Is reason, honour, law : the Foe of Arts
 By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these
 Another species of tyrannic rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd 50
 Th' envenom'd soul ; a wilder Fury, She
 Ev'n o'er her Elder Sister tyranniz'd ;

Or,

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud : the Sable Band,
Thundering,—“ Submit, ye laity ! ye prophane ! 55
“ Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours ; let kings
“ Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;
“ If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies :”
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60
Where frighted reason never yet could dwell :
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride.
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the *lying spirit* still descends : 65
Mother of tortures ! Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood ;
Hell's fiercest fiend ! of faintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love* !
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
Came idiot Superstition ; round with ears
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason ; gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,

The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.

Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
 To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
 Banditti fairs, disturbing distant lands;
 And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
 All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
 And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
 Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
 To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
 Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
 Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
 To civil broil; and glory to romance.
 Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.

At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
 Disclosing, bade new brightening æras smile.
 The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
 And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
 A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
 With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
 On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
 Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
 Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
 Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
 How many a Russian form hast thou beheld!
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

Was

Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend !
How frequent by the red inhuman hand, 114
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death !
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds ;

And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120
Of wretches forth to nature's common cast !
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.

Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all ? 125

These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art ; whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow. 130

Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary ruins sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135

Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.

In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140

The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,

Uncon-

Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck; 145
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd 149
 His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
 Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
 And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
 The Dying Other from the gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
 Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
 The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers, 160
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
 The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slacken'd bow. 165
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
 His features yet heroic ardour warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.

On Flora mov'd ; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep 175
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bathful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost master-piece she found, 185
That Maro fir'd ; the miserable fire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190
Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld ; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize : 195
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd ; to heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast ;
His fell despair with indignation mixt.
As the strong-curling monsters from his side 200
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons

All

All the soft rage of younger passions show.
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd ;
 While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine. 205

She bore no more, but strait from Gothic rust
 Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went,
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210
 From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form ;
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace
 Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.

Of these observant, Painting felt the fire 215
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
 The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
 The colours brew'd ; and on the void expanse
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220
 Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the taste,
 That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim
 The superstitious herd : yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their works ; where undevelop'd lay
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
 And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast,
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
 To each his portion of her various gifts
 The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all ;
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230
 Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt
 Th' eternal chace. In elegant design

Improving

Improving nature ; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique ;
In attitude, expreffion, airs divine ; 255
Her fons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.

To thofe of Venice fhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mafs
Of light and fhade that fettles round the whole, 240
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raife the picture, and refofe the fight.

The Lombard fchool fucceeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around, 245
Rear'd the magnificent front. Mufic again
Her univerfal language of the heart

Renew'd ; and, rifing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert fpread, and folemn quire.

Ev'n bigots fmil'd ; to their protection took 250
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp :
For in a tyrant's garden thefe a while
May bloom, though freedom be their parent foil.

And now confest, with gently-growing gleam, 254
The morning fhone, and weftward fteam'd its light.
The Mufe awoke. Not fooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artlefs her voice.

Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern courfe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train, 260

Ardent purfu'd, her ftrains more noble grew :
While reafon drew the plan, the heart inform'd

The

The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

265

On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they !
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

270

Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public blessings strow'd ;
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

275

The barren rocks themselves beneath My Foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.
And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

280

285

290

Nor

Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
Inspir'd by Me, through the dark ages kept 295
Of My old Roman flame some sparks alive :
The seeming god-built city ! which My hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals fail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd, 300
And down the briny street ; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulf, 305
The mart of nations ! long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East ;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315
Thus Venice fainter shines ; and commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle ; found another seat,
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil, 320
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd

Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a league of friendly states, 325
 And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise, 330
 Cities of brothers form'd : while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,
 Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life, 335
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
 And press their culture on retiring snows ;
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remis 340
 Of mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

Ev'n, cheer'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains ; 345
 And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again :
 The hollow-winding stream : the vale, fair spread,
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills ; 349
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs :
 From sleep to sleep ascending, the gay train
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes :

The

The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd ;
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy shower : hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
The mountain ash, and solemn-founding pine :
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below :
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky ; where shines 360
On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd My course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost, 375
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.
" O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !

" See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vast
 " Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
 " And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
 " Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
 " My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,
 " Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
 " Goddess, forgive !—My heart, surpris'd, o'erflows
 " With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390

As parents to a child complacent deign
 Approvance, the Celestial Brightness smil'd ;
 Then thus : As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
 To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
 With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge, 395
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compressed the gloomy cloud. 400
 Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
 Address'd, began—By fate commission'd, go,
 " My Sister-Goddess now, to yon blest isle,
 " Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
 " All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410
 " Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
 " Or yellow evening, flame ; those that, profuse

" Drunk

“ Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine ;
“ Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
“ In billows rolling into Alps of ice. 415
“ Ev’n yet untouch’d by daring keel, be theirs
“ The vast Pacific ; that on other worlds,
“ Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
“ Long I maintain’d inviolate my reign ;
“ Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars brav’d. 420
“ Still, in the crook of shore, the coward fail
“ Till now low-crept ; and peddling commerce ply’d
“ Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
“ It was reserv’d, with star-directed prow,
“ To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur’d 425
“ To distant nations through the pathless main,
“ Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
“ Long months from land, while the black stormy night
“ Around them rages, on the groaning mast
“ With unshook knee to know their giddy way ; 430
“ To sing, unquell’d, amid the lashing wave ;
“ To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
“ By deep invention’s keen pervading eye,
“ The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
“ Each conquer’d ocean staining with their blood, 435
“ Instead of treasure robb’d by ruffian war,
“ Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
“ And bind the nations in a golden chain.
“ To these I honour’d stoop. Rushing to light,
“ A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds 440
“ Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
“ O’er those of fabling earth, as her’s to mine

“ In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
 “ Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
 “ Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
 “ And might in spite of me my kingdom force.”

445

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd :
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.

450

Of this encounter glad, My way to land
 I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
 Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;
 And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind,
 Who for a while th' unfinished furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.

455

Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
 And her ærial train, these sounds of joy,
 Full of old time, since first the rushing flood,
 Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,
 Its guardian She—The Goddess, whose staid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.

460

465

Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
 Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek sits beauty's brightest rose.
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ;
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd sculpture taking might improve her art.

470

Such

Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.

High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475
 Awaiting Me, she stood ; with hope inflam'd,
 By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The Native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
 Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480
 Unboasting, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,

No lion springs more eager to his prey :
 Blood is a pastime ; and his heart, elate, 485
 Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
 By the relenting look, whose equal heart
 For others feels, as for another self :

Of various name, as various objects wake,
 Warm into action, the kind sense within : 490
 Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
 The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,

The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
 And the grey second infancy of age,
 She gives in public families to live, 495

A sight to gladden Heaven ! whether she stands
 Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy :
 Whether, to solace honest labour, she
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice ; 500

Or whether to philosophy, and arts,
 (At once the basis and the finish'd pride

Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
 Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
 The mother of the state ! No low revenge,
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment :
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind. 510
 She punishment awards ; yet of the good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself
 Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land ! 515
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free !
 'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity his front,
 Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye
 The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard, 520
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
 The Genius He whence Britain shines supreme,
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
 He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd : 525
 Not-kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
 Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
 And Independence flood : the generous pair,
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul
 To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,

Proudly

Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene 535
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while ;
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common-weal ;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame : 545
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550
Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth.
Rough Labour clos'd the train : and in his hand
Rude, callous, finew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawful pride assail'd ; 555
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall :
Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land ! 560
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence ; whose enraptur'd eye

Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
 The God of Love adores, but from a heart
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each chearing each, 575
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,
 All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd not in mutual hails : but, through the land 580
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
 Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590
 Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
 With vain refracted images of bliss.

But

But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows. 605
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride; 610
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other souls disdain.
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
Prophane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart, 615
At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith:
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw, 620
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And,

And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To present grandeur how my Britain rose. 625

Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
Of nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars :
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts 630
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-sav'd life that must again return.

Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued, 635
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repel'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle, 645
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.
The north remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
To stoop, retir'd ; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power,
In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,

While

While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze,
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,
As often, check'd, receded ; threatening hoarse 655
A swift return. But the devouring flood

No more endur'd control, when, to support
The last remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.

The sword behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus to battle led 665
Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief !) from the bleak coast, that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came. 670

He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream ;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675

Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight ;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds
Unpeaceful death their choice ; deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls

In Odin's hall ; whose blazing roof resounds 680
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt ;

And

And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Nor were the furlly gifts of war their all. 685
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my British Reign. Untam'd
 To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690
 They brought an happy government along ;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695
 But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious power : only, too much
 Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
 In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700
 Bled the discordant heptarchy ; and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd ;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert and Peace on one united throne.
 No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm 705
 Of brighter days, when, lo ! the north anew,
 With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
 The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
 Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,

Far

Far seen, the demon of devouring flame ;
Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ; 715
While close behind them march'd the fallow power
Of desolating famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields ;
And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom
Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks 720
Each social sense and tenderness of life.

Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725
But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd. 730
Thus cruel ages pass'd ; and rare appear'd
White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk, 735
Then set entire in Hastings bloody field.

Compendious war ! (on Britain's glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain, 740
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst ;

And,

And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
 These virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

745

Awhile my spirit slept ; the land a while,
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
 Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
 All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret shade,
 Deep-stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
 And of their bulwark, arms ; with castles crush'd,
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land ;
 The shivering wretches, at the curfew found,
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,

750

755

And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd :
 To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
 The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
 And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

760

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
 Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.

765

Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
 The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
 Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law,
 The barons next a nobler league began,

770

Both

Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
45 The nation of the free ! press'd by a band 775
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see !
Mark ! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
50 And gives the Charter, by which life indeed 780
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,
55 And often since have lent the country life. 785
Before their breath corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly ;
Or, should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
60 And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full perfection knew. For Me reserv'd,
65 And for my commons, was that glorious turn. 795
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose,
The fort of freedom ! slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul,
Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left
0 By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800
I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd

From

From the rude iron regions of the north,
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world. 805
 Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross'd
 The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
 Now present, I to raise My reign began 810
 By raising the democracy, the third
 And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
 Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
 Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixt
 Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815
 King, Lords, and Commons ; nor the name of free
 Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd :
 For since the moment of the whole they form,
 So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
 Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820
 Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves ;
 Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
 And poorly passive of insulting foes ; 825
 Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith ;
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform ;
 Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste ;
 By counsels weak and wicked, easy reas'd

To

To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth : 835
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd 840
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul :
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,

When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845

Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint :

When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850

They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob

The busy hive : as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;

When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855
Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepar'd

To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :

When such with Me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;

No foul distrust through wary senates ran, 860

Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd :

On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given :

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
 What kings supported by almighty love,
 And people fir'd with liberty, can do.

865

Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
 The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd 870
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
 A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875
 His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,
 He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd 880
 A law, that let them, by the silent waste
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
 And with that wealth their implicated power.
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
 Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd 885
 From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
 As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
 While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
 He foams along; but, through Batavian meads, 890
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
 Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,

TOWNS,

Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landskip rises round.

His furious son the soul-enslaving chain, 895

Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power ;

From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900

To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood, and horror. The returning light,

That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze, 905

Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd
Her motly sons, fantastic figures all ;

And, wide-dispers'd, their uselefs fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide

A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,

By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his woe ; and to the blissful groves, 915

Where nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,

Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.

Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine ! 920
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Against the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She ! like the Secret Eye 925
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930
 In spite of raging *universal sway*,
 And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days !
 With confidence, unbounded, fearless love 935
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
 Cheerful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage :
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ; 940
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
 The trembling foe ev'n to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
 Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts, 945
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
 And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950
 To the just limit was My great effort.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man,

Superior

Superior beings work their mystic will ;
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd. 955
The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,
Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world ;
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslav'd, 960
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love ;
Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd :
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd : 965
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground, 970
And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd, 975
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive,
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim ;
Content to teach the subject-herd, how great, 980
How sacred he ! how despicable they !
But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,

With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
 By reasoning his fire) ; and what they taught
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd. 983
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd :
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice-dreading ministers the more
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
 Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990
 Of false designing guilt, the fountain he
 Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
 Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
 With execration given, or ruthless squeeze'd
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies, 1000
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few,
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land. 1005
 Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace should flow,
 And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
 Their poison round ; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.
 Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear

And

And mingled rage, My Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear. 1015
When instant from the keen resentive north,
By long oppression by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame 1020
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye, 1025
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere 1030
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.

This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow, 1035
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm. 1040
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
 Successive, rush'd—Lo ! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-State. 1045

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd ;
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the commons tax'd the whole, 1050
 And built on that eternal rock their power.

The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant ; the rash cabal
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey ;
 The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
 To bind anew the land ; the constant need
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
 And flattering senates, to supply his waste ;
 These tore some moments from the careless prince,
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065

By dangerous softness long he min'd his way ;
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;
 By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse ;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,
 On whose high billow, from the saintly reign

The

The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
 Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold ;
 The port pernicious fold, the Scyllia since, 1075
 And fell Charybdis of the British seas ;
 Freedom attack'd abroad ; with surer blow
 To cut it off at home ; the saviour-league
 Of Europe broke ; the progress ev'n advanc'd
 Of universal sway, which to reduce 1080
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost ;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own,
 Employ'd ; the darling church herself betray'd ; 1085
 All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
 And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile ! 1090
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest nature shock.
 Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclos'd ; nor trampled laws ;
 Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land ;
 For Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page ;
 Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form ;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm. 1100
 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,

The

The patient publick turns not, till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The bigot king, and hurried fated on
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled nation : Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage :
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Strait from his country Europe sav'd,
 To save Britannia, lo ! my darling son,
 Than hero more ! the patriot of mankind !
 Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
 Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
 See ! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,
 Delightful view ! when Justice draws the sword :
 And, mark ! diffusing ardent soul around,
 And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag.
 Ev'n adverse navies bless'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host
 For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith ;

While

While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine 1135

The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.

Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes, 1140
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd

By more than human hand, the publick saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince

Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know 1145
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded Kings.

What though not their's the boast, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;

Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.

What though no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call!

What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!

To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;

To

To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light
 Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
 Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165
 Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
 Bless human kind, and through the downward depth
 Of future times to spread that better sun
 Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies; 1170
 While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
 Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
 Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
 Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven, 1175
 By boundless good, without the power of ill.
 And now behold! exalted as the cope
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
 And like it free, My Fabrick stands complete,
 The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens 1180
 Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
 With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd
 Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
 The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows, 1185
 And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
 Ye floods, descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
 Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
 Nought but the felon undermining hand
 Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

NOTES on PART IV.

- Ver. 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.
Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.
Ver. 86. Crusades.
Ver. 91. The corruption of the church of Rome.
Ver. 94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans
to their chief.
Ver. 96. Duelling.
Ver. 123. The hierarchy.
Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farnese.
Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.
Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.
Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.
Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.
Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two sons,
destroyed by two serpents.
Ver. 186. See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227.
Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buon-
roti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture,
that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusi-
astical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.
Ver. 213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces of
modern sculpture.
Ver. 244. The school of the Caracci.
Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.
Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca,
and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars
together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great
Duke

Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were discovered.

Ver. 294. Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seiz'd with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verse 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celts, or Gauls.

Ver.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition.—“ We know not which way to turn us.
“ The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us
“ back to the barbarians; between which we have only
“ the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up
“ by the waves, or butchered by the sword.”

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed
and

and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life ; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain ; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Ver. 709. A famous Danish standard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *courefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Ver. 762. The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county

was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppression of monasteries.

Ver. 912. The Spanish West-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

Ver. 937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver.

Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage

to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The English fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE
P R O S P E C T :
BEING THE FIFTH PART OF
L I B E R T Y,
A
P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART V.

The Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence; to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, sciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the Author, as it passes in vision before him.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T V.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paus'd;—
 “ Oh, blest Britannia ! in thy presence blest,
 “ Thou guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,
 “ All human grandeur, happiness, and fame :
 “ For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain ; 5
 “ The poor man’s lot with milk and honey flows ;
 “ And, gilded with thy rays, ev’n death looks gay.
 “ Let other lands the potent blessings boast
 “ Of more exalting suns. Let Asia’s woods,
 “ Untended, yield the vegetable fleece : 10
 “ And let the little insect-artist form,
 “ On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
 “ Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,
 “ The various-tinctur’d children of the sun.
 “ From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15
 “ A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
 “ Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
 “ With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice
 “ The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
 “ Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20
 “ Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow ;
 “ And orient floods draw soft, o’er pearls, their maze.

" Let Afric vaunt her treasures ; let Peru
 " Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
 " The yellow traitor that her blifs betray'd,— 25
 " Unequal'd blifs !—and to unequal'd rage !
 " Yet nor the gorgeous east, nor golden south,
 " Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
 " Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,
 " Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she 30
 " Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless charms.
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own ;
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
 " Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
 " Her meads ; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid chace :
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
 " Unnumber'd flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,
 " That wraps the nations : she, to lusty droves, 40
 " The richest pasture spreads ; and, her's, deep-wave
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
 " These her delights : and by no baneful herb,
 " No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
 " No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45
 " In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
 " Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds ;
 " Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50
 " Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell :
 " Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks

" Embosom'd

“ Embosom’d high, while kindred floods below
“ Wind through the mead ; and those of modern hand,
“ More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55
“ Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
“ Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O Thames !
“ On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
“ Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ?
“ And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell, 60
“ And waves, resounding, imitate the main ?
“ Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
“ That point around the world ? and why her seas ?
“ All ocean is her own, and every land
“ To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
“ She too the mineral feeds : th’ obedient lead,
“ The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
“ Forming of life art-civiliz’d the bond ;
“ And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
“ Not dreaming then of Britain’s brighter fame. 70
“ She rears to freedom an undaunted race :
“ Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
“ Her’s the warm Cambrian : her’s the lofty Scot,
“ To hardship tam’d, active in arts and arms,
“ Fir’d with a restless, an impatient flame, 75
“ That leads him raptur’d where ambition calls :
“ And English merit her’s ; where meet, combin’d,
“ Whate’er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
“ An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
“ And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80
“ Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She !
“ Great nurse of men ! By Thee, O Goddess, taught,
“ Her

" Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
 " A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85

" But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
 " On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"

At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd more than human; and Her awful voice,
 Majestic thus she rais'd — " To Britons bear 90
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."

On Virtue can alone My kingdom stand,
 On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.
 For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
 Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.

Unblest by Virtue, government a league
 Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
 To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
 To tame the slooping soul, a trick of state
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.

What are without It Senates, save a face
 Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
 What boasted freedom, save a sounding name?
 And what election, but a market vile

Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without Thee,
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
 Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,

Wide

Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.

Thus nations sink, society dissolves ; 115

Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall ;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libyr's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those Three Virtues be the frame sustain'd 120

Of British Freedom : Independent life ;

Integrity in Office ; and, o'er all

Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.

Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best gift,

To that of life and an immortal soul ! 125

The life of life ! that to the banquet high

And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof

Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.

Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !

Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form

My better Nile, that nurses human life.

By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,

The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth

Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight

That nature craves. Its happy master there, 135

The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round :

Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;

Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all

That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;

And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd, 140

Philosophy, companion ever-new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When

When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true judging moderate desires,
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends 145
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self enjoyment springing from within ; 150
 That Independence, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.
 Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
 Instead of hearty hospitable chear,
 See ! how the hall with brutal riot flows ; 160
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd, 165
 The woodland genius mourns. See ! the full board
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy :
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;
 Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
 Hark ! how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
 With those retain'd by vanity to scare
 Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark

The

The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
L45 Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
See! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buz
L50 Of masquerade unblushing; or, to show 180
Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful fit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
L55 The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
L60 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe: 190
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each;
Till shook their patron by the wintery winds,
L65 Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
O, far superior Afric's fable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And, rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boast alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption fly 200
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds

By

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
 Your Independence ; for, that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
 That flits ærial from the spreading eye.

205

Forbid it Heaven ! that ever I need urge
 Integrity in Office on My sons !

210

Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
 And whom ?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards ; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt ;
 The guardian public ; every face they see,
 And every friend ; nay, in effect, themselves.

215

As in familiar life, the villain's fate
 Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age
 At this arrives, I the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

220

But, ah, too little known to modern times !
 Be not the noblest passion past un Sung ;
 That ray peculiar from unbounded Love
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul ;
 Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame !
 Celestial ardor ! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
 Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
 From Thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by Thee,
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight ?

225

O, wilt

O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this My last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:

Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's.

Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,

Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,

Or those whom private passions, for a while,

Beneath my standard list, can they suffice

To raise and fix the glory of My Reign?

An active flood of universal love

Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,

The restless spirit roves creation round,

And seizes every being: stronger then

It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search

Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,

It urges human-kind: a passion grown,

At last, the central parent-public calls

Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,

The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,

This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers

Than those of self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,

This moral gravitation, rushing prone

To press the public good, My system soon,

Traverse, to several selfish centers drawn,

Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut

Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,

None

None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire ! 265
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
 A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270
 Not so the times, when, emulation-flung,
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind
 Through the deep periods of devolving time, 275
 Those, raptur'd, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
 The pale inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ? 280
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
 Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?
 The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
 The poor and weak, at distance from redress ? 285
 Delirious faction bellowing loud My name ?
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
 A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
 My sacred rights a merchandize alone
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will 290
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?

Who

Who these indeed can undetesting see!—

But who unpitying? To the generous eye

Distress is virtue; and, though self-betray'd, 295

A people struggling with their fate must rouse

The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,

Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!

Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,

Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300

Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.

Posterity, besides, the young are pure,

And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)

That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305

Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,

But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,

Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,

In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.

With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310

Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield

To sily-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow

Let her own naval oak be basely torn,

By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,

And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd. 315

Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind

Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague

Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,

That sits serene within the forest-shade;

The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants, 320

And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,

That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd

To sell their birthright for a cooling draught,
 Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
 The hir'd assassins of the commonweal ! 325
 Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
 Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
 Till private, failing, staggers through the land :
 Till round the city loose mechanic want,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts 330
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace ;
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound :
 Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ; 335
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
 All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
 A power to live to nature and themselves,
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean. 340
 Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
 The waste of war, without the works of peace ;
 No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
 Of rous'd corruption still demanding more. 345
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
 Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
 A locust-band within, and in the bud 350
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,

If

If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join ; 355
Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intense

By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360
Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain ?—
Good-nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness and indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works, 375
That lend My finish'd Fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he !
Curs'd by the Muses ! by the Graces loath'd !
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of My reign. 380

However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be ; let trade enormous rise,

. Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,
 Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
 Burst o'er the city, and devour the land :
 Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
 Wealth rots, a nuisance ; and, oblivious sunk,
 That nation must another Carthage lie.
 If not by them, on monumental brass,
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind :
 In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
 Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath,
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
 Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.

Science, My close associate, still attends
 Wheree'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
 She walks the furrow with the consul swain,
 Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
 Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
 Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits,
 And a whole sapient city round her burns.
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod :
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
 Unequal'd glory : with the Theban sage,
 Epaminondas, first and best of men !
 Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,

385

390

395

400

405

410

Above

385 Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before !
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
390 Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
Where, but th' Aonian maids, no syrens sing ;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
395 With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds. 425
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;
400 For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
405 That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world. 435
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head ; and Public Works,
410 Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440
Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd
Beneath one royal head, whose vital power

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole ;
 In finer arts, and public works, shall they
 To Gallia yield ? yield to a land that bends, 445
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one ?
 Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land : 449
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill :
 To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,
 Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other licence scorn but Truth's and Mine. 455
 Oh, shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose ?
 Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride, 459
 To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field ;
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subject's blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
 From Britain, chief, while My superior sons, 465
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low :
 Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace !
 What public works at home, what arts arose !
 What various science shone ! what genius glow'd ! 470
 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;

The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal,
 Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas ;
 The dome resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
 From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
 And that where valour counts his noble scars ;
 The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
 Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed ;
 The robber from his farthest forest chas'd ; 480
 The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
 Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
 Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd Arts,
 And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
 At distance flourish'd from My parent-eye,
 Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose.
 How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
 The trembling stage. In elegant Racine ; 489
 How the more powerful, though more humble voice
 Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd
 The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
 Was life itself. To public honours rais'd, 495
 How learning in warm seminaries spread ;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
 Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
 From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long, 500
 With Poussin came ; ancient Design, that lifts
 A fairer front, and looks another soul.

How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
 The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives, 504
 Refin'd her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.

Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.

How lavish grandeur blaz'd ; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510
 And fountains spout amid it's arid shades.

For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.

How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd 515
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
 The palace chear'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.

These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, it's dishonour shade, 520
 And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow ;
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.

With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525
 Of war-sunk millions fed ? Superior still,

How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In Britain planted, by the potent juice
 Of freedom swell'd ? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
 A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives, 530
 Weak without me, a transitory gleam.

Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies

Of

Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;
 Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
 Their tender blossom : then malignant rise 535
 The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts :
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
 The doubtful beamings of his Prince's soul,
 His wavering ardor fix, and unconfin'd 540
 Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;
 Yet death, at last, and wintery tyrants come,
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
 But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,
 Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring : 545
 While mingled autumn every harvest pours
 Of every land ; whate'er invention, art,
 Creating toil and nature can produce.

Here ceas'd the Goddess ; and Her ardent wings,
 Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.
 " Oh, forming light of life ! O, better sun !
 " Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,
 " Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555
 " That, unstain'd æther all, diffusive smile :
 " *When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?*
 " *And when Thy work complete ?*" Straight with her
 Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand,
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560
 So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
 That dims the dawn of being here below :

The

The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising æras instant rush'd to light.

“ They come ! Great Goddes ! I the times behold !

“ The times our fathers, in the bloody field,

“ Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,

“ In the warm struggles of the senate fight.

“ The times I see ! whose glory to supply,

“ For toiling ages, commerce round the world 570

“ Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land

“ Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome

“ Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.

“ Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,

“ And still conducting firm some brave design ; 575

“ Kings ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,

“ Burst the blockade of false designing men,

“ Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,

“ And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :

“ Their court rejoicing millions ; worth alone, 580

“ And virtue dear to them ; their best delight,

“ In just proportion, to give general joy ;

“ Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain ;

“ The public glory theirs ; unsparing love

“ Their endless treasure ; and their deeds their praise,

“ With Thee they work. Nought can resist your force :

“ Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats ;

“ Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art ;

“ His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks ;

“ And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows 590

“ Expansive o'er the land. Another race

“ Of generous youth, of patriot-fires, I see !

“ Not

" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball and play ; those venal souls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
" That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the Fountain's purg'd ? whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow ; see the young mind
" Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
" Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
" Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
" And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame ;
" Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605
" The whole. Behold ! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind or body can adorn,
" And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
" Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
" Lo ! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
" That prowl amid the darkness they themselves 615
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,
" See ! how her legal furies bite the lip,
" While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
" And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.
" See ! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620
" And men not yield to government in vain.
" From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
" And,

" And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste; [bowl,
 " Lo ! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their maddening
 " A nation's poison ! beauteous order reigns ! 625
 " Manly submission, unimposing toil,
 " Trade without guile, civility that marks
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
 " And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630
 " Unfailing fields of freemen I behold !
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
 " Their own blest isle against a leaguings world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway : 635
 " The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
 " And not a fail, but by permission, spreads.
 " Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing sons,
 " Gay colonies extend ; the calm retreat
 " Of undeserv'd distress, the better home 640
 " Of those whom bigots chace from foreign lands.
 " Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
 " And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey ;
 " But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise ;
 " Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah fees.
 " Horrid with want and misery, no more
 " Our streets the tender passenger afflict,
 " Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
 " Or home, or bed to bear his burning load, 650
 " Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " Its guiltless pangs, I see ! The stores, profuse,
 " Which

“ Which British Bounty has to these assign’d,
“ No more the sacrilegious riot swell
“ Of cannibal devourers! Right apply’d, 655
“ No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :
“ If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,
“ If sick, if maim’d, his miserable due ;
“ And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
“ Sweet sets the fun of stormy life, and sweet 660
“ The morning shines, in mercy’s dews array’d.
“ Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
“ That! chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why so late?)
“ Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age :
“ What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
“ The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
“ Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
“ With active nature, warm impassion’d truth,
“ Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
“ Of various string, and heart-felt image fill’d. 670
“ Behold! I see the dread delightful school
“ Of temper’d passions, and of polish’d life,
“ Restor’d : behold! the well-dissembled scene
“ Calls from embellish’d eyes the lovely tear,
“ Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675
“ Lo! vanish’d monster-land. Lo! driven away
“ Those that Apollo’s sacred walls profane :
“ Their wild creation scatter’d, where a world
“ Unknown to nature, chaos more confus’d,
“ O’er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours ; 680
“ Detested forms! that, on the mind impress,
“ Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
“ Behold!

" Behold ! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought ;
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.
 " Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington confess : 690
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see !
 " The temple breathing a religious awe ;
 " Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695
 " See ! Sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms :
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown ;
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads ;
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
 " August, around, what public works I see !
 " Lo ! stately streets, lo ! squares that court the breeze,
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 " Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
 " Lo ! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705
 " Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
 " Lo ! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See ! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main 710
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo ! ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
 " Lo !

“Lo! streaming comfort o’er the troubled deep,

“On every pointed coast the light-house towers;

“And, by the broad imperious mole repell’d,

715

“Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur’d,
The Vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush’d the still ruins of dejected Rome.

720

NOTES

NOTES on PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleworth in his account of Denmark says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; while the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. Plutarch in Agefilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hospital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

A POEM,

A P O E M,

Sacred to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?

But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light, 5
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.

Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire, 10
In nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence, 15
Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns,
And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din

Of specious words, and tyranny of names ;
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
 And with heroic patience years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

25

What were his raptures then ! how pure ! how strong !
 And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious ! when instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
 Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
 Her every latent glory to his view.

35

All intellectual eye, our solar round
 First gazing through, he by the blended power
 Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons
 To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
 He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Her every motion clear-discerning, he
 Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning : till again

40

45

50

The

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON. 147

The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite ; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60

Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;
Or such as farther in successive skies

To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each

Of an harmonious system : all combin'd, 65
And rul'd unerring by that single power,

Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O, unprofuse magnificence divine !

O, wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70

Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete ! And, O belov'd

Of Heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd

The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame. 75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;

Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, 80

And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule

Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*,

To their first great simplicity restor'd.

The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
 To combat still with demonstration strong,
 And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When Newton rose, our philosophic fun.

85

Th' ærial flow of sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
 Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
 Ev'n light itself, which every thing displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 Collecting every ray into his kind,
 To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
 Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;
 And next delicious yellow ; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
 Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
 While the last gleamings of refracted light
 Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

90

95

100

105

110

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
 Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends

Delightful,

85 Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain ; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new !

90 Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook !
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous, the *refractive law*.

95 The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
00 His lights at equal distances, to guide 130
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ? who
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
05 To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought, 135
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
ro The finish'd university of things, 140
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,

Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends 145
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh, speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good ;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth ; 150
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 And panting for perfection : far above
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 You who unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege 160
 Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air ? 165

But, hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound through the world—'*Tis done—The measure's full,*
And I resign my charge.—Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud 170
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worship name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast

While

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON. 151

145 While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 150 And elegiac song. But Newton calls 180
 For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders through those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.
 155 O, Britain's boast ! whether with angels thou 185
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 160 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 190
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From Light *himself* ; oh, look with pity down
 On human-kind, a frail erroneous race !
 165 Exalt the spirit of a downward world ! 195
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
 And be her Genius call'd ! her studies raise,
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
 For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
 And glories in thy name ; she points thee out 200
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :
 While, in expectance of the second life,
 When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A P O E M ,

To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord TALBOT,
Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Addressed to
his SON.

W H I L E, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost ; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends, 5
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
'This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin ? 10
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light ?

Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams

Awaken'd

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD TALBOT.

153

Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25
 Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
 Chief what to human life and human bliss
 Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man:
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
 In consort foul agree; each heightening each;
 While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
 What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
 What talent, or what virtue, was not his; 35
 What that can render man or great, or good,
 Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
 Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
 In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
 With selfish peace. The siren of the wise, 40
 (Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape
 Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)
 Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
 His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
 As silent night, yet active as the day. 45
 The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
 Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
 Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
 To check their combination. Shall low views
 Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice, 50
 The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
 And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
 Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
 With present honour and immortal fame,

Involve

Involve the good of all ? An empty form 55
 Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
 While wickedness and folly, *kindred powers*,
 Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
 Sprung ardent into action : action, that disdain'd 60
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
 That might be sav'd ; disdain'd for coward ease,
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
 And those high joys that teach the truly great 65
 To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold ! he breaks benign on life,
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
 Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs.
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70
 Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
 In him Astrea, to this dim abode
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again :
 To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
 His virtues all, collected, sought the good
 Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
 The throb of patriots, when they model states : 80
 Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd soul ; nor friends had charms
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour ;
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

Thus

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD TALBOT.

155

Thus with unwearied steps, by virtue led, 85

He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,

Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,

Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.

Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more !

Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze ! 90

Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,

As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,

You scatter'd famine, pestilence, and war ;

Vanish ! before this vernal sun of fame ;

Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy. 95

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !

While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,

His gentle reason so persuasive stole,

That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.

Ah ! when, ye studious of the laws, again 100

Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear ?

When shall again the darkest truths, perplex,

Be set in ample day ? when shall the harsh

And arduous open into smiling ease ?

The solid mix with elegant delight ? 105

His was the talent with the purest light

At once to pour conviction on the soul,

And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart,

That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd

By Heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause, 110

To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,

To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,

Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,

Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,

He

He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115
 With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes :
 Then spoke the man ; and, over barren art,
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
 His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd, 120
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,
 Its equal ardour lent ; and sometimes rais'd
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
 Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
 He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135
 And ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
 Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
 His insight deep into Britannia's weal, 140
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
 Fell on the cheated ear ; no study'd maze

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD TALBOT.

157

Of declamation, to perplex the right, 145

He darkening threw around : safe in itself,

In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke ;

While on the great, the ruling point, at once,

He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain

To lengthen farther out the clear debate. 150

Conviction breathes conviction ; to the heart,

Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,

The heart attends : for let the *venal* try

Their every hardening stupifying art,

Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal, 155

And nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.

What faithful light he lends ! How rare, in courts,

Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and, join'd

To virtue so determin'd, public zeal, 160

And honour of such adamantine proof,

As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,

Durst not have *tempted* ! Yet of manners mild,

And winning every heart, he knew to please,

Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd 165

Or adulation to receive, or give.

Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye

Of such inspection keen, and general care !

Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,

Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170

And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.

Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !

And many a patriot counsel with him lost !

Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,

Her

Her native foe, from eldest time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

175

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd

Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.

180

When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous source of good.

185

His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.

Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.

190

The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,

Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,

195

And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dew's at eve,

The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

200

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.

There,

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD TALBOT. 159

173 There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd, 205
Which thinks not of appearing ; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
180 As joyous, diſentangling every power, 210
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with nature talks.
185 Say ye, his ſons, his dear remains, with whom 215
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh ! ſpeak the joy,
90 The pure ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild, 220
The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, through the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O * Rundle ! lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend ! thou brother of his ſoul !
95 In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite ; 225
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main, 230
With memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,

* Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry, in Ireland.

Where

Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush, 235
 Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by experience, into flow esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd, 245
 From mingled chemic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth; 250
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless Indians, round the forest-chear,
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old, 255
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their Sabine farms
 They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth, 260
 More elegant humanity, more grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

But

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
 Of family, or friends, or native land.
 23 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 245
 Extended his benevolence : a friend
 To human kind, to parent nature's works.
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,
 240 He kept an open judging ear for all, 270
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
 The fair effulgence of an open heart ;
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone :
 245 For *nothing human foreign was to him.* 275
 Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
 And hard to be supported, you succeed :
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
 It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
 250 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
 True genuine honour its large patent holds
 255 Of all mankind, through every land and age, 285
 Of universal reason's various sons,
 And ev'n of God himself, sole perfect judge !
 Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind
 On rigid terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,
 260 Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290
 Malignant seeks our faults, cannot through life,
 Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded steal : but, with his fire compar'd,
 He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
 This truth to you, who merit well to bear
 A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
 May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

295

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
 That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
 Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
 We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
 That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
 And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
 Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
 Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone
 To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
 Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
 And every pain its balm : a Talbot's light,
 A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,
 Than the blind maze of undesigning blood ;
 Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

300

305

310

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,
 Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot,
 Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approv'd
 By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
 He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
 Amid the human worthies. Glad around
 Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,

315

320

With

With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.

Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye

295 Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325

The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd

That hope, which once forbade thy tears to flow!

Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,

(Howe'er divided in the fretful days

300 Of prejudice and error) mingled now, 330

In one selected never-jarring state,

Where God himself their only monarch reigns,

Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still

Remains of earthly woes, for us below,

305 And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear. 335

But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive

To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:

'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,

Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast

310 Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340

Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,

From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,

Where flows celestial harmony, forgive

This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,

315 On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345

Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,

And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,

The sons of justice and the sons of strife,

All who or freedom or who interest prize,

320 A deep-divided nation's parties all, 350

Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres

With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
 How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !
 Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
 The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
 To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
 To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
 As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn,
 Whatever good and excellent she forms.

355

360

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHILE secret-leaguings nations frown around,
 Ready to pour the long-expected storm ;
 While She, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
 Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form ;
 While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
 And deep corruption eats our soul away :
 Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears
 A gleam of joy gay-flushing every grace,
 As she the cordial voice of millions hears,
 Rejoicing, zealous, o'er *thy* rising race :
 Strait her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
 The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
 United Britons thy dear Offspring hail :
 The city triumphs through her glowing throng ;
 The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;
 The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
 And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
 And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born
 Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;
 What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?
 From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
 New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
 To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign !
 What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend ;
 My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :
 How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
 When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

VERSES occasioned by the DEATH of Mr. AIKMAN,
 a particular Friend of the Author's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
 Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead ?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;
Where, void of thee, his chearless home
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

III.

Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee ;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY*,

In Holyrood Church, Southampton.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as GOD made it

When he pronounced every work of his to be good.

To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley ;
Who, to all the beauty, modesty,

And gentleness of nature,
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,

That ever exalted the most heroical man ;
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,
A mistress not only of the English and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
Without vanity or pedantry,

At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,
Which, with a Roman spirit,
And a Christian resignation,

She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,

* See what is said of this lady in " Summer."

The memory of her virtues for her greatest support ;
Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,
Were all that could be practis'd,
And more than will be believed,
Except by those who know what this inscription relates.

HERE, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain :
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own :
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

To

To the Reverend Mr. MURDOCH, Rector of
Straddishall, in Suffolk, 1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall :
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
Trust me the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate :
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the SIXTH
CHAPTER of St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart,
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.

Say,

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?

And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—

See the light tenants of the barren air:

To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,

Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;

Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye

On the least wing, that flits along the sky.

To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,

To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;

Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay, and the distressful call,

And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,

Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!

What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;

Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?

Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFICK DOCTOR.

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl !
Still let th' involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.
Ah ! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze ;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the Lethargic Book thy head.
These eyes wipe often with the hollow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue ;
If ere the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE

T H E H A P P Y M A N .

HE's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
 Whose table flows with hospitable chear,
 And all the various bounty of the year;
 Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous wines;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
 A golden tide into his swelling stores:
 Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce sails;
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
 While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves,
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;
 Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
 Where social Love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the Passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every Virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,
 Thine is the Fortune, and the Mind is thine.

On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be built at
WESTMINSTER.

BY Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd : " Have I, ye British swains,
" Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains ?
" Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
" And fed a richer than a golden fleece ?
" Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
" Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride ?
" Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil ?
" Made every climate your's, and every soil ?
" Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
" Yet must a Wooden Bridge my waves disgrace ?
" Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
" And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale."
He said ; and, plunging to his crystal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

S O N G.

I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid ?

II. The

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
 And, softly-sighing, thus reply'd :
 'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave, in private only bears
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;
 But when his passion he declares,
 You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.
 Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,
 Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lillies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
 O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship sooth her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

S O N G.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away ;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast !
 Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
 In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.
 These are the vain disguise of love ;
 And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
 Or else a fleeting passion prove—
 The frantic fury of the veins.
 But come in friendship's angel-guise :
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art :
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart,

O, come

O, come with goodness in thy train,
 With peace, and transport void of storm,
 And, would'st thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

Intended to have been inserted in the Fourth Act of
 SOPHONISBA, a Tragedy.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage
 A warring world, a bleeding age.
 For nature lives beneath thy ray,
 The wintry tempests haste away,
 A lucid calm invests the sea,
 Thy native deep is full of thee :
 The flowering earth where-e'er you fly,
 Is all o'er spring, all fun the sky.
 A genial spirit warms the breeze ;
 Unseen among the blooming trees,
 The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
 The desert growls a soften'd note,
 Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
 And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
 You strike the dear delicious dart ;
 You teach us pleasing pangs to know
 To languish in luxurious woe,
 To feel the generous passions rise,
 Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs ;

Vol. LV.

N

Each

Each happy moment to improve,
 And fill the perfect year with love,
 Come, thou delight of heaven and earth !
 To whom all creatures owe their birth ;
 Oh, come, sweet smiling ! tender, come !
 And yet prevent our final doom.
 For long the furious god of war
 Has crush'd us with his iron car,
 Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
 Has foil'd them with his cruel stains,
 Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
 And made the widow'd virgin weep.
 Now let him feel thy wonted charms ;
 Oh, take him to thy twining arms !
 And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
 While deep he prints the humid kifs,
 Ah, then ! his stormy heart control,
 And sigh thyself into his soul.

O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Blest in the full possession of thy love :

O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
 Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You,

You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care :
But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame :
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride ;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

T O S E R A P H I N A .

O D E .

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays :
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence ;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.

To love thee, Seraphina, sure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
 'Tis from low passion's to escape,
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;
 And heaven infus'd into the mind,

O D E

O N Æ O L U S ' s H A R P *.

I.

E T H E R E A L race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But, hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
 Or he the sacred Bard † ; who sat alone,
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald ; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence,

† Jeremiah,

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise;
 Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please.
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;

Perhaps

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
 When Meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where London's spicy turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.

P R O L O G U E

TO MR. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
 To picture life, and shew th' impassion'd mind;
 The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
 The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
 There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
 Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:
 She pours it strong and instant through the heart.
 If virtue is the theme; we sudden glow
 With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
 If vice she paints; indignant passions rise:
 The villain seems himself with loathing eyes.
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

To-night our meaning scene attempts to show
 What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
 Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
 To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.

The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state ;
 Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate :
 To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
 And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,
 His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
 Faults he has many—But to balance those,
 His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows,
 All slighter errors let indulgence spare :
 And be his equal trial full and fair.
 For this best British privilege we call ;
 Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

D E N N I S T O M R . T H O M S O N ,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee ;
 That hoary season yields a type of me.
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay !
 Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

E P I-

E P I T A P H

O N M R. T H O M S O N.

O THERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow;
Short-liv'd renown ! that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust !
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save ;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask ;
Nature for him assumes herself the task ;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

CON-

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THE
P O E M S

OF

DR. W A T T S,



“THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recom-
“mendation inserted in the late Collection, the rea-
“ders of which are to impute to me whatever
“pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal
“of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.”

Dr. JOHNSON.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND,

IN THREE BOOKS.

S A C R E D

- I. TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.
- II. TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP,
- III. TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

“ ——— Si non Uraniê Lyræ
“ Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymia
“ Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.”

HOR. Od. I. imitat.

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς δάκεται,

Τίμα, (κ) σέβει αὐτὸν) ἱπιδ' Ἡρώας ἀγαύας,

Τες τε Καταχθόνιες.

PYTHAG. Aur. Car.



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In

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

On Reading Mr. WATTS'S POEMS, sacred to
PIETY and DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise :
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man ! whose soul, and guiltless breast,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest !
'Tis He that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing :
He to thy soul lets-in celestial day,
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd ;
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast ;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

VOL. LV.

O

To

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS POEMS.

TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
 My penfive Muse no more
 Of love's enchanting force complains,
 Along the flowery shore.

No more MIRTILLO's fatal face
 My quiet breast alarms,
 His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
 Have lost their usual charms.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove
 Shall be my future theme :
 I burn with an immortal love,
 And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
 And sacred transports feel,
 While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
 Surpris'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
 When I thy lays repeat ;
 The bending forest lends an ear ;
 The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony
 Thy numbers still prolong ;
 And let remotest lands reply,
 And echo to thy song.

Far as the distant regions, where
 The beauteous morning springs,
 And scatters odours through the air,
 From her resplendent wings ;
 Unto the new-found realms, which see
 The latter sun arise,
 When, with an easy progress, he
 Rolls down the nether skies.
 July, 1706.

PHILOMELA *.

To Mr. WATTS, on Reading his HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven-born Muse ! that with celestial flame,
 And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
 To gain thy native skies. No common theme
 Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
 Superior, though on earth detain'd a-while ;
 Like some propitious angel, that's design'd
 A resident in this inferior orb,
 To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,
 Thou seem'st ; while thou their everlasting songs
 Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
 Transferr'd the work of heaven ; with thought sublime,
 And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
 To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
 The towering height stupendous, while thou soar'st
 Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
 Hymning th' Eternal Father ; as of old
 When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss

* A name assumed by my Rival.

O 2

Of

8 VERSES TO MR. WATTS.

Of everlasting night and silence call'd
 The shining worlds with one creating word,
 And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,
 And with external glories fill'd the void,
 Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
 And with their chearful Hallelujahs blest'd
 The bounteous author of their happiness ;
 From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
 And from the crystal arches of the sky
 Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
 Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
 To the loud echo's of th' angelic choirs,
 And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,
 The paradise of God where all delights
 Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
 Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
 Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
 Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas ! the vile apostate race,
 Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
 Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
 The Power supreme that gave them life and breath ;
 Incarnate fiends ! outrageous they defy'd
 Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath
 Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
 Would dread to meet ; remembering well the day
 When, driven from pure immortal seats above,
 A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,
 And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
 To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,

Where

Where bound on fulphurous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamant chains, they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good ;
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness ! that the sacred Muse,
First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of God and man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals ! ah ! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell ;
To dress-up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls through flowery paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys,
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe ;
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead ;

And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
 Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
 Expect their sad inexorable doom.
 Say now, ye men of wit ! what turn of thought
 Will please you then ! Alas, how dull and poor,
 Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear !
 How will you envy then the happy fate
 Of idiots ! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
 You'd been as very fools as once you thought
 Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd ;
 When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
 Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men
 Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of that tremendous thought ;
 Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
 Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
 Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
 Despises mortal criticks' idle rules :
 While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
 Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
 Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
 Than all the Pagan Poets ever sung,
 Homer, or Virgil ; and far sweeter notes
 Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
 And purer far, though Martial's self might seem
 A modest Poet in our Christian days.
 May those forgotten and neglected lie,
 No more let men be fond of fabulous Gods,
 Nor Heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
 While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide

The shining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh! like thee
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their towering thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.
April 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Mr. WATTS, on his DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with ponderous sense! Say, did not He,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love: And what is love, in souls like thine,
But air, and incense to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring faint, whose swimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in,
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!
So great a stress of powerful harmony,

12 VERSES TO DR. WATTS.

Nature unable longer to sustain,
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night ;
What though no shining angel darts from thence
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their ! ;
Songs such as Watts's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,
To transports so intensely rais'd your Muse,
Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

To Dr. WATTS, on the fifth Edition of his
HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse ; accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.
A Muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song.
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.

You

VERSES TO DR. WATTS.

You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
 And meet descending angels as you rise,
 Whose just applauses charm the crouded groves,
 And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
 Soft harmony and manly vigour join
 To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
 For every grace of every Muse is thine.
 Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
 Conducts his favourite to the realms of light;
 Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
 Delighted cherubs listening to the song:
 From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
 And taste the sweets of music and of love.
 But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
 And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,
 When you describe how few the happy pairs,
 Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
 We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
 And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
 Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
 And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell;
 But the Muse faints, unequal to the flight,
 And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
 When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
 And all but Heaven-born piety shall die,
 When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
 And each lascivious poet hides his head,
 With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
 Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies:

Great

Great How and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.

Sic spirat, sic optat,

Tui amantissimus

BRITANNICUS.

P R E.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his “right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharoah and his hosts were cast into the red sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters.” *Exod. xv.* This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world,
as

as the darkness of that dispensation would admit : And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same service : the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this :

Μῆσαι Πιερίηθεν αἰοδῶσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δῖ ἐννέπετο σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνεύουσαι.

“ Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,

“ Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.”

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not bear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter Poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift ; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many

God-

Goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the ſtrongest reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound, and delicacy of expreſſion, they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind ; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried Reformation ; while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal infection : Unthinking youth have been inticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity ? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms, that ſhe might ſeduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of Beings ? Can I ever be perſuaded, that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men ? How will theſe allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls, whom they never ſaw, ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands ? The Reverend

rend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them :

“ Ye dragons whose contagious breath
 “ Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 “ Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
 “ And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.”

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin ; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness ; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of “ unclean and abominable.” It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me intreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me intreat them to look
 into

into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the “earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.” Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: “Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; Then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?” &c. Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he “hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace.” Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! “It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a
“land

" land of darknes, it is darknes itself, the land of the
 " shadow of death ; all confusion and disorder, and
 " where the light is as darknes. This is my house,
 " there have I made my bed : I have said to corrup-
 " tion, Thou art my father ; and to the worm, Thou
 " art my mother and my sister : As for my hope, who
 " shall see it ? I and my hope go down together to the
 " bars of the pit." Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he
 humbles himself in complainings before the almighty-
 ness of God, what contemptible and feeble images
 doth he use ! " Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and
 " fro ? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble ? I consume
 " away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the
 " moth." Job xiii. 25, &c. " Thou liftest me up to the
 " wind, thou caufest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest
 " my substance." Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent
 more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd
 and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses ?
 chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows
 and reproaches to amazement : " They that are younger
 " than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would
 " have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock :
 " for want and famine they were solitary ; fleeing into
 " the wilderness desolate and waste : They cut up mal-
 " lows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat :
 " They were driven forth from among men, (they
 " cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs
 " of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks :
 " Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles
 " they were gathered together ; they were children of
 " fools,

fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler
 "than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am
 "their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected
 is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrors are
 "turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind,
 "and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones
 "are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out:
 "he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dra-
 "gons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and
 "organ are turned into the voice of them that weep."
 I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would
 shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his
 ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must
 copy out a good part of the writings of David and
 Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of
 their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the
 lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much in-
 ferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various
 forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just
 and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colour-
 ing so bright, beyond the most famed human writers,
 how much more must their descriptions of God and
 heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner
 tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of
 God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne
 "of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible."
 When his holiness is mentioned, "The heavens are not
 "clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly:
 "He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the
 "stars

" stars are not pure before his eyes : He is a jealous
 " God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength,
 " Behold, he is strong : He removes the mountains,
 " and they know it not : He overturns them in his an-
 " ger : He shakes the earth from her place, and her pil-
 " lars tremble : He makes a path through the mighty
 " waters, he discovers the foundations of the world :
 " The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof."
 And after all, " These are but a portion of his ways :
 " The thunder of his power who can understand ?" His
 sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are re-
 vealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poe-
 tical accounts of heathen divinity. " Let the pot-
 " sherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ; but
 " shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What
 " makest thou ? He bids the heavens drop down from
 " above, and let the skies pour down righteousness.
 " He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he
 " sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep,
 " be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them
 " that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord,
 " his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their
 " thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and de-
 " struction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars
 " by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars
 " and makes the diviners mad : He turns wise men
 " backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish."
 His transcendent eminence above all things is mo-
 nobly represented, when he " sits upon the circle of
 " the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grass
 " hoppers :

"hoppers : All nations before him are as the drop
 "of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance :
 "He takes up the isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon,
 "with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to
 "this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burn-
 "ing. 'This God, before whom the whole creation is
 "as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To
 "which of all the heathen Gods then will ye compare
 "me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?"
 And to which of all the heathen Poets shall we liken
 or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of
 the godhead ? The orators of all nations are as nothing
 before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness.
 Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings,
 where God is creating the world : How meanly do the
 best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject,
 when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Lon-
 ginus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of
 the sublime style, when he chose to use it ; " And the
 " Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light ;
 " Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants
 " and animals, and behold they are : " He command-
 ed, and they appear and obey : " By the word of the
 " Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of
 " them by the breath of his mouth : " This is working
 like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His
 wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his
 adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set be-
 fore our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence,
 and as becomes divinity. When " he arises out of his

“ place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills
 “ are shaken because he is wroth : There goes a smoke
 “ up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devour-
 “ eth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens,
 “ and comes down, and darkness is under his feet.
 “ The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his
 “ presence.” If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to
 prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might
 use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to
 form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph ;
 but there is none of them provides him a flight of Che-
 rubs instead of horses, or seats him in “ chariots of sal-
 “ vation.” David beholds him riding “ upon the hea-
 “ ven of heavens, by his name JAH : He was mounted
 “ upon a cherub, and did fly ; he flew on the wings of
 “ the wind ;” and Habbakuk sends “ the pestilence before
 “ him.” Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγε-
 ρετὰ Ζεὺς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιφερμύτης. Jupi-
 ter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise,
 or thunders on high. But a divine Poet makes the
 “ clouds but the dust of his feet ;” and when the High-
 est gives his voice in the heavens, “ Hail-stones and
 “ coals of fire follow.” A divine Poet discovers the
 channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations
 of nature ; “ at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of
 “ the breath of thy nostrils.” When the Holy One
 alighted upon Mount Sinai, “ his glory covered the
 “ heavens : He stood and measured the earth : He be-
 “ held and drove asunder the nations, and the everlast-
 “ ing mountains were scattered : The perpetual hills

“ did

“did bow; his ways are everlasting.” Then the prophet “saw the tents of Cushman in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.” Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poetry to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet * affright us, by saying,

“De la foy d’un Chrétien les mysteres terribles,
D’Ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles?”

But the French critic †, in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, “That the majesty of our religion,

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

“ the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the
 “ height of its mysteries, and the importance of every
 “ subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobility,
 “ bleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the
 “ theme : sparkling images and magnificent expressions
 “ must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture ;
 “ let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the Prophets
 “ incessantly, for their writings are an abundant
 “ source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.”
 And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

“ ————— Vos exemplaria Græca

“ Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ,”

As, in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency ; for if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapsaces, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies ! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened, in those poems ! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and

at the same time animate our zeal and devotion ! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the Heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories ; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more

* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled *Alfred*, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. 1723.—I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song : here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play ! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days ; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger ; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree ; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever ; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring : The Heaven and the Hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe ; the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet ; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of

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an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a

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dying God ; the awful glories of the last tribunal ; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal ; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds ; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty ? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch ; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them ; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose ; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics ; I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse vir-

tue,

true, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called-in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following compositions, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poetry is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

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In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his Song, and his father David, in Psal. xlv. if David was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The "Poems sacred to Virtue," &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among Preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now.
1736.

soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of
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any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile, may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviiith and cxxviiiith Psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poetry be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by
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some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed-up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in
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abundance. I wish some English pen would improve more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of the practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the "Poems of Heroic measure," I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma and period which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the blank verse when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pause. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the "Essays without Rhyme," I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be forever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without rival

al; yet all that vast reverence with which I read
 Paradise Lost, cannot persuade me to be charmed
 with every page of it. The length of his periods, and
 sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath :
 some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could
 never believe that roughness and obscurity added any
 thing to the true grandeur of a Poem ; nor will I ever
 affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness
 of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It
 is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all
 the elevation of thought in a modern style, without bor-
 rowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running
 back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the
 reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique
 sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses
 the true relish, even when it works delight. There
 were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans ;
 and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that
 was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words
 and figures ;

“ Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai.”

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that
 we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy
 by their very awkwardness ; so a distempered appetite
 will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines
 to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imi-
 tate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers
 have stretched their sentences, and especially the con-
 founding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge ; nor

was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the four and fullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him chuse such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again*. So that my friends may be perfectly secure

* "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret." HOR. Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.
against

against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David, in christian language, which I have now promised the world *.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment; by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven, or of the Muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

“ — Cui mens divinior, atque os

“ Magna sonaturum — ”

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is such a one;

“ — Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum. ”

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be compleat over

* In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps "salvation, honour and glory to
"Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for
"ever."

May 14, 1709.

HORÆ

H O R Æ L Y R I C Æ.

B O O K I.

SACRED TO
DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt th' eternal Name,
With notes of mortal sound ?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his smile ;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial king, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

Q3

When

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand ?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet !
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unvail thy grace ;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
While the young notes and venturous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The Muse folds-up her wings ;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a Heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath :
And calls the angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
 Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies!
 Let all the baneful planets shed
 Their mingled curses on my head,
 How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
 Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes!
 Creatures with all their boasted sway
 Are but his slaves, and must obey;
 They wait their orders from above,
 And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.
 'Tis by a warrant from his hand
 The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
 The North wind blusters, and assumes command
 Over the desert and the deep;
 Old Boreas with his freezing powers
 Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
 Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass,
 And chains them moveless to their shores;
 The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
 Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
 Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies,
 Fly to the polar world, my song,
 And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng!)
 Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
 A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
 And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
 Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:

God has a thousand terrors in his name,
 A thousand armies at command,
 Waiting the signal of his hand,
 And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
 Drefs thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
 His sharp artillery from the North
 Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame,
 Sublime on Winter's rugged wings
 He rides in arms along the sky,
 And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
 And flocks and herds, and nations die ;
 While impious lips, profanely bold,
 Grow pale ; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
 Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
 When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
 Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
 Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
 From the incens'd Divinity.
 In vain our parching palates thirst,
 For vital food in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital breath ;
 The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
 The Sun has drunk the channels dry,
 And all the air is death.
 Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
 'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
 You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail,

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
 That all the leafy standards strip,
 And bear down with a mighty sweep
 The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods;
 Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
 And bury millions in the waves,
 Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;
 While you dispense your mortal harms,
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine;
 While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, Heaven, Earth, and Hell
 are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy?
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
 That grey experience writes for giddy youth
 On every mortal joy?

Pleasure

Pleasure must be dash'd with pain :
 And yet, with heedless haste,
 The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere :
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring)
 From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear ;
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a Heaven below the sky ;
 The world has false, but flattering, charms ;
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;
 In our embrace the visions die.
 And when we grasp the airy forms,
 We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
 Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
 With glaring colours, and false light ;
 Distance commends it to the sight,
 For fools to gaze upon ;
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
 Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills ;
 Those Heavens are fairer than they seem ;
 There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
 There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
 Nor grief disturbs the stream.

That

That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curfed foil, no tainted fpring,
Nor rofes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a fling.

FELICITY ABOVE.

NO, 'tis in vain to feek for blifs ;
For blifs can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jefus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

There's nothing round thefe painted fkies,
Or round this dufty clod ;
Nothing, my foul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis Heaven on Earth to tafte his love,
To feel his quickening grace ;
And all the Heaven I hope above
Is but to fee his face.

Why move my years in flow delay ?
O God of ages ! why ?
Let the fphe'es cleave, and mark my way
To the fuperior fky.

Dear Sovereign, break thefe vital ftrings
That bind me to my clay ;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And fretch and foar away.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 The Muse stands trembling while she sings
 The honours of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree :
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' almighty voice bid ancient Night
 Her endless realms resign,
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light
 In fields of azure shine.

Now Wisdom with superior sway
 Guides the vast moving frame,
 While all the ranks of being pay
 Deep reverence to his name.

He spake ; the sun obedient stood,
 And held the falling day :
 Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
 And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
 He marshals all the stars ;
 Red comets lift their banners high,
 And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine :
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

SELF-CONSECRATION.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me fore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days ;
My inward power shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move, but to
his praise.

What are my eyes but aids to see
The glories of the Deity
Inscrib'd with beams of light
On flowers and stars ? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green and gold ;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils my
fight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in :
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns begin ?
Change me, O God ; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire :
My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,
My chearful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.
The

The dearest nerve about my heart,
 Should it refuse to bear a part,
 With my melodious breath,
 I'd tear away the vital chord,
 A bloody victim to my Lord,
 And live without that impious string, or shew my zeal
 in death.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the Infinite Unknown.

From thy Great Self thy being springs;
 Thou art thine own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And Self-sufficiency bears them all.

Thy Voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
 But nothing like thy Self appears,
 Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless Nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one:

A glance

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,

“ And send your fears away;

“ News from the region of the skies,

“ Salvation's born to-day.

“ Jesus, the God whom Angels fear,

“ Comes down to dwell with you;

“ To-day he makes his entrance here,

“ But not as monarchs do.

- “ No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
“ Nor royal shining things ;
“ A manger for his cradle stands,
“ And holds the King of kings.
“ Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
“ And see his humble throne ;
“ With tears of joy in all your eyes,
“ Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.”

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

- “ Glory to God that reigns above,
“ Let peace surround the earth ;
“ Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
“ At their Redeemer's birth.”

Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise !

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines?
How high thy wonders rise!

Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

R 2

When

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones ;
 Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross !
 The triumph of his groans !

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

“ Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens,” &c.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
 How few the sparks of wrath ! how slow they move,
 And drop and die in boundless seas of love !

But me, vile wretch ! should pitying love embrace
 Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
 And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
 Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
 And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine

Thine honour bids, "avenge thine injur'd name,"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my redeemer's blood.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see :
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace !
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

Great advocate, look down and see
 A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed ;
 O plead the same excuse for me !
 For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints ; let every groan
 Be still, and silence wait his love ;
 Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
 And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
 Gently, as morning-dews distil,
 The dove immortal downward flies,
 With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds !
 Sweet the relief to deep distress !
 I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
 And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN of PRAISE for three great SALVATIONS.

V I Z.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of Glorious Memory, who landed, Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5, 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
 Like mountains of eternal brass,
 Pillars to prop our sinking land,
 Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From

LYRIC POEMS, BOOK I.

66
59

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise ;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles ;
"There," said the Lord. "to ages stand,
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd ;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell :
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay ;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

Thy Love beheld the black design,
Thy Love that guards our island round ;
Strange ! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

WATTS'S POEMS.

THE SECOND PART.

ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his sword.
Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatening death, through every town,
The Romish priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.
'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.
But lo, the great deliverer fails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land,
The happy day *, and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day † that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

* Nov. 5, 1688.

† Nov. 5, 1588.

NOW

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne ;
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky :
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their Hallelujahs high.

All Hallelujah, heavenly King ;
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face ;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chace.

Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought ;

Plung'd

Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
 Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;
 Infinite rays in crossing lines
 Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
 And help me reach the throne;
 (What single strength, in vain designs,
 United force hath done;
 Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
 Thus atoms fill the sea)
 But the whole race of creature-souls
 Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and are
 lost in thee.

Great God, behold my reason lies
 Adoring; yet my love would rise
 On pinions not her own:
 Faith shall direct her humble flight,
 Through all the trackless seas of light,
 To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature in all ruin lies,
 And owns her sovereign, death,
 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
 His trophies spread around!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.

These

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !

How loathsome to the eyes !

These are the heads we lately knew

So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,

That left his dying clay ?

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,

And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable sea !

Those deeps without a shore !

Where living waters gently play,

Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,

And try this doubtful sea ;

Vain are our groans, and dying strife,

To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,

Or sink in flaming waves,

While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,

Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear

On our dry bones, and say,

" These once were strong, as mine appear,

" And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our mouldering members teach

What now our senses learn :

For dust and ashes loudest preach

Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT



A SIGHT of HEAVEN in SICKNESS.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My chearful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws:
Visions of endless bliss are seen;
And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch'd my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

Psalm cxlviii. Paraphras'd.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne;
Jesus the Man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above;
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

That

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names :
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise.
And shore reply to shore :

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave you tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him that bid you grow :
 Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
 On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
 And climb the morning-sky :
 While groveling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals, take the sound,
 Echo the glories of your king,
 Through all the nations round.

Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad
 From Britain to Japan ;
 And the whole race shall bow to God,
 That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell and burst
 With bold impiety :
 Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
 And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
 Consigns your souls to chains,
 By the last agonies of death,
 Sent down to fiercer pains,

Ye

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell :
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind !

Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchange'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

Behold the faints rejoice to die,
For heaven shines round their heads ;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat ;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls ;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heavenly Muse,
 And keep th' expecting world in awe ;
 Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
 The melting mercies of thy God ;
 Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
 And sound his dreadful law :
 To Israel first the words were spoke,
 To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
 Inhuman bondage ! The hard galling load
 Over-prefs'd their feeble souls,
 Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
 And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian bay,
 And march'd between the cleaving sea ;
 The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous way,
 But fell with most impetuous force
 On the pursuing swarms,
 And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
 Blending in watery death the rider and the horse :
 O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
 And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
 Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
 And all his horned Gods beside,
 He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
 And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

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S

Ah !

Ah ! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry !
And bow to brutes (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save !
Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high :
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law :
Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;
But keep an awful distance still :
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark ! The shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near ;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear :
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heaven's eternal will proclaim,
That time shall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty ; round his sapphire seat

Adoring

Adoring thrones in order fell ;
 The lesser powers at distance dwell,
 And cast their glories down successive at his feet :
 Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
 " Lift up your heads, Eternal doors," he cries ;
 Th' Eternal doors his word obey,
 Open, and shoot celestial day
 Upon the lower skies.
 Heaven's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
 As their Creator bid,
 And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
 A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
 The wheels beset with burning gems ;
 The winds in harness with the flames
 Flew o'er th' ethereal road :
 Down through his magazines he past
 Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
 Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
 Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
 The day was mingled with the night,
 His feet on solid darkness trod,
 His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
 And scatter'd dreadful light ;
 He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :
 He spoke, and (though with unknown speed he came)
 Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
 With axle red, and glowing wheel,

Did the winged chariot light,
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
 Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
 Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
 The stately pyramids of fire :
 The pyramids to heaven aspire,
 And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher.
 So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
 Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,
 And proudly shoot a leaf or two
 Above its kind supporters utmost bough,
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.
 Forbear, young Muse, forbear ;
 The flowery things that poets say,
 The little arts of Simile
 Are vain and useless here ;
 Nor shall the burning hills of old
 With Sinai be compar'd,
 Nor all that lying Greece has told,
 Or learned Rome has heard ;
 Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
 Ætna the torch of Sicily ;
 Not half so high
 Her lightnings fly,
 Not half so loud her thunders roar
 Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
 Behold the sacred hill : Its trembling spire
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
 While all below its verdant feet
 Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight :

Pref'd

Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load
 Deep groan'd the mount ; it never bore
 Infinity before,

It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp ; despair,
 And dying groans, torment the air,
 And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there :

The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
 Spread through the host a wild amaze ;

Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face :
 Confus'd and dismal were the cries,

Let Moses speak, or Israel dies :

Moses the spreading terror feels,

No more the Man of God conceals

His shivering and surprise :

Yet, with recovering mind, commands

Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew bands.

Hark ! from the centre of the flame,

All arm'd and feather'd with the same,

Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud :

Sent from the All-creating tongue,

A flight of cherubs guard the words along,

And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

" I am the Lord : 'Tis I proclaim

" That glorious and that fearful name,

" Thy God and King : 'Twas I, that broke

" Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke ;

" Mine is the right to speak my will,

" And thine the duty to fulfil.

" Adore no God beside Me, to provoke mine eyes :
 " Nor worship Me in shapes and forms that men devise ;
 " With reverence use my name, nor turn my words to jest ;
 " Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest ;
 " Honour and due obedience to thy parents give ;
 " Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live :
 " Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed ;
 " Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his
 " bread ;
 " Forbear to blast his name with falsehood, or deceit ;
 " Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c. Eccles. xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.
 The memory of his mighty name,
 Demands your first regard ;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 Till you have lov'd the Lord.
 Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.
 No more the blessings of a feast
 Shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 And pleasure of a song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
 Invades your golden years
 With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
 And death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,
 And leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to chear your hearts,
 From the superior skies ?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
 Or stand before his seat,
 While nature's old supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tottering weight ?

Can you expect your feeble arms,
 Shall make a strong defence,
 When death, with terrible alarms,
 Summons the prisoner hence ?

The silver bands of nature burst,
 And let the building fall ;
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
 Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
 Uncleans'd and unforgiven,
 The soul returns t' an angry God,
 To be shut out from heaven.

SUN, MOON, and STARS, praise ye the LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years ;
Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And halt supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone :

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou

Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine ;

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every faint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of Glory, God of Love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days :
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

L ORD, when we see a faint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

How we could ev'n contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

Jesus,

Jesus, then, purge my crimes away,
 'Tis guilt creates my fears,
 'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
 And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threatening sins were gone,
 And death had lost his sting,
 I could invite the angel on,
 And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
 And let the lovers meet;
 The angel has a cold embrace,
 But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
 I'd rush into his arms,
 And lose my breath, and all my cares,
 Amidst those heavenly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
 And leave the lifeless clay,
 Without a sigh, without a groan,
 And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Through the creation's frame!

Nature

Nature in every drefs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' exprefs
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rofe and lily ftand,
And, free from pride, their beauties fpread,
To fhew thy ftilful hand.

The lark mounts up the fky,
With unambitious fong,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artlefs tongue.

My foul would rife and fmg
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worfhip due.

But pride, that bufy fin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps fe curely in,
And fwells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with defign ;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very fongs I frame
Are faithlefs to thy caufe,
And ft eal the honours of thy name
To build their own applaufe.

Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above ;
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul, ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

HAPPY the feet that shining Truth has led
 With her own hand to tread the path she please,
 To see her native lustre round her spread,
 Without a veil, without a shade,
 All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
 Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind :
 The truth they shew lies wrap'd in sevenfold shrouds,
 Our senses cast a thousand clouds
 On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I have

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
 And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :
 What empty triflings, and what empty ways,
 To fence and guard by rule and rote !
 Our God will never charge us, That we knew them Not,
 Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious souls ;
 Since I have heard but one soft hint from Thee,
 From all the vain opinions of the schools
 (That pageantry of knowing fools)
 I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.
 'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
 He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;
 All the eternal truths in him are laid,
 The ground of all things, and their head,
 The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.
 Without his aid I have no sure defence,
 From troops of errors that besiege me round ;
 But he that rests his reason and his sense
 Fast here, and never wanders hence,
 Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.
 Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,
 Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;
 I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires ;
 But never tir'd of telling Thee,
 'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.
 Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
 Shall mark my path out with delusive art :
 All nature silent in his presence stand ;
 Creatures, be dumb at his command,
 And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.
Retire,

Retire, my soul, within thy self retire,
 Away from sense and every outward show :
 Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
 My knowledge now on wheels of fire
 May mount and spread above, surveying all below.
 The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
 And pours whole floods on such a mind as this :
 Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
 She dives into the infinite,
 And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my Muse, whom Wisdom guides
 In her own path to her own heavenly feat ;
 Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
 Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
 That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.
 Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
 And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
 Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try
 To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.
 Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
 Start, and flee raging in a violent course ;
 He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults ;

Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh ! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art ;
What manly courage to sustain the fight
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart !

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds ;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings ;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things ;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown ;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine ;

Now,

Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
 Crown me, and call the world my own,
 The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.
 I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
 He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
 My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
 And nearer to my Saviour move;
 There all my soul shall center, all my powers conspire.
 Thus I with angels live; thus half-divine
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
 Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
 His glory is my great design,
 That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.
 P A R T I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
 Place me on the bright wings of day
 To travel with the sun;
 With what amaze shall I survey
 The wonders thou hast done!
 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
 How glorious to behold?
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There

There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run ;
 There the pale planet rules the night,
 And day obeys the sun.

P A R T II.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes
 On clouds and storms below,
 Those under-regions of the skies
 Thy numerous glories show.
 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey,
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.
 There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast :
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of thine host.
 On the thin air, without a prop,
 Hang fruitful showers around :
 At thy command they sink, and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.

P A R T III.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
 And cast my eyes abroad,
 Glancing the British isles along ;
 Blest isles, confess your God.

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T

How

How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green ;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between !
Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.
The bleating flocks his pasture feeds :
And herds of larger size,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

P A R T IV.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood :
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.
The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command ;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
Amidst thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

PART

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing fight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus face
We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves ;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill ;
Vernal suns, or zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves ;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious power ?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

T 2

Lo,

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh ;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.

Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there,

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute :

Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he.

I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold : I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name :

They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue ; fear congeal'd his blood :

Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair :

It knew the Lord of nature there.

Nature compell'd by a superior cause,

Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sovereign king in different ways.

Father, how bright thy glories shine !

How broad thy kingdom, how divine !

Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are thine.

Hence

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
 Ye founding names of vanity !
 No more my lips shall sacrifice
 To chance and nature, tales and lies :
 Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
 What is the sun, or what the shade,
 Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save ?
 His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead ;
 And as his awful dictates bid,
 Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

In Imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
 To visit earthly things,
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes
 From towers of haughty kings :
 Rides on a cloud disdainful by
 A Sultan, or a Czar,
 Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
 Or frowns them from afar ;
 He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit every humble soul,
 With pleasure in his eyes.
 Why should the Lord that reigns above
 Disdain so lofty kings ?
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
 Upon such worthless things ?

T 3

Mortals

Mortals, be dumb : what creature dares
Dispute his awful will ?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.
Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign, and all free ;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways !
How deep thy judgments be !

THE INFINITE.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.
Thy names, how infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.
Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace ;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds,
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee
 But boundless unconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

ALAS, my aching heart !
 Here the keen torment lies ;
 It racks my waking hours with smart,
 And frights my slumbering eyes.
 Guilt will be hid no more,
 My griefs take vent apace,
 The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
 Flush crimson in my face.
 My sorrows, like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.

T 4

This

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries !

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me ;
Offers ! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood !

The heavenly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace !)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love ?
Am I such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move ?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face :
This rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie ;
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

" Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,
" With joy and pity in his eyes :
" Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
" Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

" See my Great Father reconcil'd :"
He said. And lo, the Father smil'd :
The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

Young

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, praise
ye the LORD, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And weilds your active limbs, with hardy ſinews ſtrung;
Fall proſtrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious powers depend;
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chooſe your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days, or cut your minutes ſhort.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And ſhoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the author of your ſmiling face;
That heavenly bridegroom claims your blooming hours:
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that Everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is yours.

Infants, whoſe different deſtinies
Are wove with threads of different ſize;

But

But from the same spring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:

Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame:

With sounds of tenderest accent raise

Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
To know the Power supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Through flowery fields a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign power
That set your West so distant from your dawning hour.

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praise ye the
L O R D, Psal. cxlviii. 10.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
Whose charming notes address the spring
With an artless harmony.
Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light:

To

To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 Ere you salute the rising day,
 'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
 Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make ;
 Let the fierce glances of your eyes
 Rebate their baleful fire :

In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold :
 That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
 Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
 Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
 And curl'd and painted with a various die ;
 In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
 And bend his lofty counsels down
 To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON and COMPLAINT.

INFINITE Power, Eternal Lord,
 How sovereign is thy hand !
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.

With

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way ;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward-road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree,
Thy great designs fulfil :

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey ;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee ;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me ?

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand ;
Here all my powers I bring ;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

Then

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Than not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME and SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach:
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall?
They are too dark, and He too bright.
Nothing are they, and God is All.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own Self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon :
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal moon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise ;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress ; and justice doom'd us dead :
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies ;
" Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give ?
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live ?
" Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God ?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place ?"

In vain we ask : for all around
Stands silence through the heavenly ground :
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But,

The

But, O unutterable grace !
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place :
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood ;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore !
Then rose : The law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look,
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face :
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
" The wisdom of a Deity ! "

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd :
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray ;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round ;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.
My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.
Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.
Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

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I feel

I feel my powers releas'd
 From their old fleshy clod ;
 Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
 And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, and REIGNING.

HE dies ! the heavenly Lover dies !
 The tidings strike a doleful sound
 On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies
 In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 On the dear bosom of your God,
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo, what sudden joys I see !
 Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his father's court he flies ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our Great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.

Say,

Say, live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, Where's his sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
 The boundless grandeur of our God,
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
 And sways the nations with his nod !
 He speaks ; and lo, all nature shakes,
 Heaven's everlasting pillars bow ;
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
 And shoots his fiery arrows through.
 Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.
 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the spacious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
 And send our loud Hosannas through.
 Celestial King, thy blazing power
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
 And echo to our Father's voice.

U 2

Thus

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play :
 Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE,

Attempted in English Sapphick.

WHEN the fierce North wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the Baltick to a foaming fury ;
 And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
 Rushing amain down.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly)
 Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
 Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising,
 Flames all around them,

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
 Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.
 Thoughts,

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart tinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas !) come, arise to Jesus,
How he fits God-like ! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring !

O may I fit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

U 3

There

There the dear Man my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of both our joys
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

Then,

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd;
 What wondrous things he said!
 Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
 And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake;
 And feel the glad some rays;
 He bids the dumb attempt to speak;
 They try their tongues in praise.
 He shed a thousand blessings round
 Where-e'er he turn'd his eye;
 He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
 The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife
 Th' ethereal minstrels rove
 Through all the labours of his life,
 And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
 Groans with a strange surprise;
 The rest in silence mourn their king,
 That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
 Cease their harmonious breath;
 No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
 While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
 They summon every chord,
 Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
 And shew their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh ! for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies !

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, and SEA, praise ye the LORD.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
 Who reigns on high ; thou fruitful source
 Of all our raiment, life and food ;
 Our house, our parent, and our nurse ;
 Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
 Drest with strong and gay machines,
 Hung with golden lamps around
 (And flowery carpets spread the ground) ;
 Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
 That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space !
 While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,
 Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

 Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
 Whose glorious rage, at his command,
 Levels a palace with the sand,
 Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base :
 Ye heavenly flames, that singe the air,
 Artillery of a jealous God,
 Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
 To scatter deaths abroad ;
 Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings
 His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

 Thou vital element, the Air,
 Whose boundless magazines of breath
 Our fainting flame of life repair,
 And save the bubble Man from the cold arms of death :
And

And ye, whose vital moisture yields
 Life's purple stream a fresh supply ;
 Sweet Waters, wandering through the flowery fields,
 Or dropping from the sky ;
 Confess the Power whose all-sufficient name
 Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our frame.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
 Beats up and swells the angry sea,
 They join to make our lives a prey,
 And sweep the sailors hopes away,
 Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores !
 Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
 Gape hideous in a thousand graves :
 Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
 Ye storms, adore your Master's hand :
 The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptiness
 His fruitful word by secret springs
 Drew the whole harmony of things
 That form this noble universe :
 Old Nothing knew his powerful hand,
 Scarce had he spoke his full command,
 Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea, heard the creating call,
 And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all :
 And still they dance, and still obey
 The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual blifs that charms us fo
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal tafte
Of the fair fruit that finners prize :
Their paradise fhall never wafte
One thought of mine, but to defpife.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the fweet that is not laid
A bait to fome destructive fnare ?

Be gone for ever, mortal things !
Thou mighty mole-hill earth, farewell !
Angels afpire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vaft defires,
My foul purfues the fovereign good :
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND, and adore ! how glorious He
That dwells in bright eternity !
We gaze, and we confound our fight
Plung'd in th' abyfs of dazzling light.

Thou

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name ?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown :
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay :
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you !

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense Original !
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain !

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise ;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

MY crimes awake ; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

Almighty

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne ;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head :
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain ;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall ;
Ye hattering plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all,

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !

Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe ;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move ;
He cloathes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still,

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain ;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curst,
" That doth one wilful sin commit ;
" Death and damnation for the first,
" Without relief and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars ; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings ;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

" Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
" Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
" And life, and joys, and crowns above,
" Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) " Forgive !"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, " Father, let the rebels live."

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But

No

But I'll retire beneath the cross :
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING a divine CALM in a restless WORLD.

“ O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice,” &c.

Casimire, Book III. Od. 28.

ETERNAL mind, who rul'st the fates
 Of dying realms, and rising states,
 With one unchang'd decree ;
 While we admire thy vast affairs,
 Say, can our little trifling cares
 Afford a smile to thee ?
 Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold ;
 We fly to seize, and fight to hold
 The bubbles and the oar :
 So emmets struggle for a grain ;
 So boys their petty wars maintain
 For shells upon the shore.
 Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
 The next a broken sceptre takes,
 And warriors win and lose ;
 This rolling world will never stand,
 Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
 As power decays or grows.

Earth's

Earth's but an atom : Greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree :
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor ; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

H A P P Y F R A I L T Y .

“ **H**OW meanly dwells th' immortal mind !
“ How vile these bodies are !

“ Why was a clod of earth design'd
“ T' enclose a heavenly star ?

“ Weak cottage where our souls reside !

“ This flesh a tottering wall ;

“ With frightful breaches gaping wide
“ The building bends to fall.

“ All round it storms of trouble blow,

“ And waves of sorrow roll ;

“ Cold waves and winter storms beat through,

“ And pain the tenant-soul.

“ Alas ! how frail our state !” said I :

And thus went mourning on,

Till sudden from the cleaving sky

A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,

And breath'd her native air ;

Then she remember'd heaven her home,

And she a prisoner here.

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Straight

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak the prison is where I dwell!

"Flesh but a tottering wall,

"The breaches cheerfully foretel,

"The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,

"Though all my heart-strings ach;

"Welcome disease, and every pain,

"That makes the cottage shake.

"Now let the tempest blow all round,

"Now swell the surges high,

"And beat this house of bondage down,

"To let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above

"By the Eternal Hand;

"And should the earth's old basis move,

"My heavenly house must stand.

"Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,

"(I long to see the God)

"And his immortal strength sustains

"The courts that cost him blood."

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:

"I come, my Lord, my Love:"

Devotion breaks the prison-walls,

And speeds my last remove.

LAUN-

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

IT was a brave attempt ! adventurous He,
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea :
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the furling brine : the tempest raves :
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves :
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
 Fearless when the great master gives command.
 Death is the storm : She smiles to hear it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore :
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease ;
 (Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
 As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT of the RESURRECTION.

HOW long shall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust ?

When shall the tedious night be gone ?
When will our Lord appear ?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around :
The skies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing !

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem
JESUM CHRISTUM.

O D A.

TE, grande numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvère, blando dum Patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus ;

X 3

Donec

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
 Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
 Unâque mergendos ruinâ
 Heu nimium miseros nepotes :

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
 Ignes & enses, telaque sanguine
 Tingenda nostro, dum rapinâ
 Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
 Sensere flammæ, omnipotens furor
 Ebullit, Immenisque Amoris
 Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

“ Non tota prorsus Gens Hominum dabit
 “ Hosti triumphos : Quid patris & labor
 “ Dulcisque imago ? num peribunt
 “ Funditus ? O prius astra cæcis.

“ Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos :
 “ Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
 “ Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
 “ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

“ Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
 “ Æquale testor,” dixit ; & ætheris
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
 Defiliitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
 Artusque nostros, heu tennes nimis
 Nimisque viles ! Vindicique
 Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque

Vitamque morti: Proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O Lex fatis aspera!

Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non pœna lenis! Quò ruis impotens!
Quò Musa! largas fundere lacrymas,

Buſtique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs

Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensêre Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. " Nil agis impie,
" Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
" Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammæ æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Heïc strata passim vincula, & heïc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium

Invisa ; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astrecta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubillant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum ?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi !

Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra reperiunt triumphos,

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi ? cur incola terræ ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum ?
Te caro mille malis premit ; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit ; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.

Te

Te manet Uriel dux ; & tibi subjicit alas

Stellatas Seraphin officiosa cohors.

Te superum chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,

“ Huc ades & nostro tempora conde finû.”

Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet

Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus.

1694.

HE U quot sæcla teris carcere corporis,

Wattsi ? quid refugis limen & exitum ?

Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria

Magni patris anhelitat ?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,

Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,

Peccatumque malis durius omnibus

Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo

Surgunt : Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,

Longè Christus abest, inter & angelos

Et picta astra perambulans.

* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.

Iracunda tonans fulmina : Te Deus

Hortatur ; Vacuum tende per Aera

Pennas nunc homini datas.

* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

BREATH-

BREATHING toward the HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

"Urit me Patriæ Decor," &c.

THE beauty of my native land
 Immortal love inspires ;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.
 There glides the moon her shining way,
 And shoots my heart through with a silver ray,
 Upward my heart aspires :
 A thousand lamps of golden light
 Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
 And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
 O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
 Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
 Where all the happy minds resort,
 When will my Father's chariot come ?
 Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
 For ever see the mourner lie
 An exile of the sky,
 A prisoner of the ground ?
 Descend some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb ;
 A grassy turf will raise my head ;
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed ;
 And shed a sweet perfume.

Here

Here I put off the chains of death,
 My soul too long has worn :
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
 Or tear to wet my urn ;
 Raphael, behold me all undrest,
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest ;
 Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

THE HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

ON SAINT ARDALIO, who from a Stage-Player became
 a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
 The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
 While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.
 Heaven heard, and strait around the smoking throne
 The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
 And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.
 Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
 Calm'd the loud thunder ; “ There’s no need of you ;
 “ Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue.”
 Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forfakes,
 He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
 And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks ;
 “ So goes the comedy of life away ;
 “ Vain earth, adieu ; Heaven will applaud to-day ;
 “ Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.”
 Whe

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englified thus :

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt ;
 Too long it stood beneath heaven's angry frown,
 Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
 Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
 Commands, and level with the ground it lies :
 The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
 Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.
 Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head
 And though beneath the ground their bones are laid, }
 Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

The ANSWER by a FRENCH Protestant,

Englified thus :

A Christian church once at Montpelier stood,
 And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
 It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon :
 Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
 Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.

Young

Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
 (Dear monument !) o'er their dead fathers' bones ;
 The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
 Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
 And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

}

Two happy RIVALS, DEVOTION and the MUSE.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
 Roves my Pindaric song :
 Here she glows like burning noon
 In fiercest flames, and here she plays
 Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas ;
 Now in a smiling angel's form,
 Anon she rides upon the storm,
 Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
 Are my thoughts and wishes free,
 And know no number nor degree ?
 Such is the Muse : Lo she disdains
 The links and chains,
 Measures and rules of vulgar strains, [reigns.
 And o'er the laws of harmony a Sovereign Queen she
 If she roves
 By streams or groves
 Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
 My passion keeps her still in fight,
 My passion holds an equal flight
 Through love's, or nature's wide campaigns.

If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple plain;
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
The Muse ascends her heavenly carr,
And climbs the steepy path and means the throne divine.
Then she leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of distance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise,——Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

O why is piety so weak,
And yet the Muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?

Inward

Inward a glowing heat I feel,
 A spark of heavenly day ;
 But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
 And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
 Faint are the efforts of my will,
 And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
 Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
 Shine, from the sky,
 And call me high
 To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
 Devotion there begins the flight,
 Awakes the song, and guides the way ;
 There love and zeal divine and bright
 Trace out new regions in the world of light,
 And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
 She spreads her gay delusive scenes ;
 Or is the vision true ?
 Behold Religion on her throne,
 In awful state descending down.
 And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious
 view.

She smiles, and with a courteous hand
 She beckons me away ;
 I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous clay,
 And with a joyful haste obey
 Religion's high command.
 What lengths and heights and depths unknown !
 Broad fields with blooming glory sown,

And

And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere !

What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving Muse has been
That greater traveller !

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that Poets know.

Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering Muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down
the wind.

Among the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong :
The feeble powers that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave ;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death ;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the gross organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raise an equal song.

END OF VOLUME FIFTY-FIVE.

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